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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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H. G. WELLS

FROM A DRAWING BY ROTHENSTEIN.

Why Good Books Die

GOOD readers have been urged in this column to aid in a campaign against fabricated, synthetic, second-hand books written by those who write more than they know. While the mood of reform lasts (and until more Americans buy better books we shall continue in that mood) let us join in an outcry against the scandalously short lives of really good books. If books took out life insurance, the first premium would amount almost to the face of the policy!

Here again, and more than elsewhere in this vexed question of how to get good books published, distributed, and read, the reader can be influential if he desires, and need only exercise intelligence, his memory, and some obstinacy in order to bring about a minor revolution in the book trade that eventually would be good for everyone.

Too many books are published. Of these many, too few are kept alive until they can be bought. The ever-rolling flood of new titles leaves the publisher no time to promote, no money to advertise, the reviewer no time to reconsider, the bookseller no time to sell the proved and established books of a previous season, almost of a previous month. The commercial life of all but best-selling novels is three weeks, of non-fiction, except standard reference or text books, or the rare best seller, say six weeks. After that the bell rings, the curtain goes down, and up on a new extravaganza. For all the attention any one gives to the good but not immediately and immensely successful books of the past season, they might never have been published. There are not too many *books*, there are not nearly enough books for the potential absorptive power of the American public. There are too many *titles*. The moment when the distributing campaign for a new commodity of a different kind gets under way, is the moment when bookselling stops—stops not merely for the poor books that ought not to have been published, but also for the good books that need attention, promotion, and a place in the sun in order to be sold and read. Just as they begin to roll up toward twenty miles an hour they are switched to a siding and ditched, while the next freight train rolls by. Indeed, the book business might be likened to a lengthy train run in order to get a few cars to the destination. When the season is ended, the best sellers are cut

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Mr. Wells Sees It Through

By NATHAN MILLER

THE WORK, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $7.50.

THE vast literary conception of the New Education of H. G. Wells reaches an impressive panoramic effect in this, the final link of his trilogy of outlines. The preceding volumes, "The Outline of History" and "The Science of Life," bear legitimate issue in this sweeping portrayal and brilliant assessment of the "third side, the ecoonmic, of the ideological triangle." The aforementioned historical work achieved for Mr. Wells a tremendous renown since he "went to bed, so to speak, educational reformer and woke up best seller." Two million copies of this work have been bought to date. The entire series now rounded out was intended to serve as an intellectual introduction for the modern world citizen and was undertaken in the spirit of Mr. Wells's avowed preceptor of the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon. Like him, Mr. Wells seeks to joust against the obdurate obscurantism of his times which refuses to refurbish its faded attitudes toward the life of society. Like him, he strains and appeals for a new educational emancipation. Both struggled with a social lag which staggered new world-conceptions and aborted social adjustments. Mr. Wells writes, however, in an age of widespread literacy and avid discontent; Roger Bacon wrote in age of authority and for a provincialized world.

In his historical and biological treatises, Mr. Wells has had the benefit of eminent collaborators and consultants who fed him material which his intellectual alchemy spun out into serviceable form. In the present undertaking, however, the unprecedented uniqueness of the author's point of view, has forced him to discard technical aid. The exploratory, synthesizing effort of the plan rendered the aggregation of facts of such subsidiary effect that Mr. Wells was forced to relegate his assistants to the background. Thus, the volume is the least finished work of the trilogy because it is the most novel—and stupendous. It was the author's task to render out of the disordered and casual, but multitudinous, nature of economic life, a panorama. And in the inventiveness so characteristic of him, Mr. Wells has employed a clever subterfuge. Where the recital tends to crowd with detail or overpower with suggestiveness, he has directed the reader to an imaginary series of industrial museums where one may trudge on and on or to further reading in an imaginary World Encyclopedia—yet uncompiled—while the author skips on. These convenient references provide neutral background upon which Mr. Wells uses his paintbrush to touch up here a highlight, here to weave a compositional effect, and here to cartoon unmercifully the economic and political fabric. Thus, early in the writing Mr. Wells came to see the fundamental nature of motives, the secondary nature of details and illustrative materials. The emphasis lies on industry not technology, finance and not accounts or statistics—and ultimately upon psychological motivations.

This work attempts a prodigious task and to the eternal credit of Mr. Wells, it comes off with amazing success. This is the world of "doing":

> It represents all current activities and motives—all and nothing less. It is a first comprehensive summary of the whole of mankind working or playing or unemployed; it seeks to show the jockey on the race course in relation to the miner in the pit, the savage in the jungle, the city clerk, the baby in the cradle, the fish-wife, the lord-in-waiting, the Speaker on the Woolsack, the Soviet envoy, the professional cricketer, the shopwalker, the streetwalker, the dealer in second-hand microscopes, the policeman, the news-vendor, the motor-car "bandit," the political gangster, and the university professor.

This is not merely the over-enthusiastic blurb of the sideshow barker, for to one who reads intently, all of these variegated figures and functions are actually delineated—and their commingling and mutual sufferance of one another are made probable in these pages.

Many of us who value and cherish our own experience and exaggerate our own niche in life will naturally cavil at the undue attention Mr. Wells has paid to certain aspects of this anthill. Such, for example, are his overlong recitals of the atrocities perpetrated upon the native populations of the Putumayo in South America and the Belgian Congo in the white man's thirst for rubber and ivory, his over-anxious perturbation over the slighted social merits of rich men like the Rothschilds and J. D. Rockefeller, and his unexpected concern with the cosmetic routine of the modern woman and the "athleticism" of modern college students. Such touches are undoubtedly artistic license and on such a huge canvas who would not stray or dwell here and there? And as long as the scale is unperturbed it effectively enables one "to get the hang" of this world of mines, factories, stores, transport, banks, stock markets, homes, lecture rooms, etc.

The material which would threaten to

(*Continued on page* 344)

To Engineers

By ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

I TASTE of tunnel benefits
And ride in darkened trains
Among the mountains' cancelled roots
To reach the nether plains.

I know the surety of a bridge
Flung over a sharp height:
Ravines have been erased, that I
May cross them in the night.

But so have words made ways for me
Where no way was before;
Cut landings in the rock, and dried
The swamps to a firm floor.

In trepidation with the hills
Suddenly I have known
From crazy cliff to precipice
Suspension bridges thrown—

Then over sentences I passed
Safe into promised land.
I bless their ingenuity
Who make me understand;

Who rule across the wastes of thought
A narrow, certain lane,
And open their blue clearings
In the jungle of the brain.

The Duke

WELLINGTON. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by E. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

THERE is one thing that every author, if he is human, would like to know about his book, and this we believe we can predict, with perfect truth, about Mr. Guedalla's latest biography. It ought, even in these hard times, to be a best seller. There are few more interesting figures than that of the Duke of Wellington. There is no writer more capable than Mr. Guedalla of catching and holding the attention of the ordinary reader. He has already accomplished the rare *tour de force* of writing a life of Lord Palmerston—of all people—without a dull page or heavy passage from beginning to end, the sort of book that shortens a journey. It is true that when we have at last reluctantly closed it, we retain a rather blurred memory of one vivid picture following another, without being much wiser about Lord Palmerston's principles and policy. But then, how many readers want to know about Lord Palmerston's principles and policy? And what reader does not want to be interested?

Having thus galvanized Palmerston, it is the merest child's play for Mr. Guedalla to make a success of Wellington. As Wellington himself said, at Salamanca, of Pakenham, "Did you ever see a man who understood so clearly what he has to do?" What Mr. Guedalla has to do is to write a life of the Duke that shall not allow the reader's attention to flag for a single sentence. The style must have that perpetual recurrence of emphasis that is the secret of jazz.

To take one specimen—Napoleon getting rid of the Spanish Royal Family, in order to place a brother of his own on the throne at Madrid:

> The air, as airs are apt to be in New Castile, was minor, the performers odd. King Charles of Spain—high-nosed for Bourbon and strongly, too strongly chinned for Hapsburg—performed an uncertain bass, Ferdinand his heir a piercing treble. Two voices rendered the melody—the Queen with amorous *roulades*, and Manuel Goday, Prince of the Peace, with romantic *brio*. For the Queen and Prince were lovers, son and

This Week

"MISE EN PAGE."
Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

"CLARENCE DARROW."
Reviewed by WILL IRWIN.

"THE REDISCOVERY OF THE FRONTIER."
Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER.

"WESTWARD PASSAGE."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"IT WAS WORTH LIVING."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

"PHANTOM FAME."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

THE WORKS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF.
Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK.

WEST END AVENUE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER.

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father enemies. A deeper note intruded on this discord at Aranjuez as,

Cannon his name,
Cannon his voice.

Napoleon sounded the dominant fifth. The voices were unfairly matched, the part song became a solo. For it was barely human to fit the ruthless purity of that Canova profile against the collective imbecility of a family group by Goya . . . and so on.

It would never do merely to say that Napoleon intervened in a family quarrel. If Napoleon is to be introduced at all, he must be emphasized properly, with a cannon voice sounding dominant fifths, and a ruthless Canova profile. It is quite beside the point to inquire what exactly was happening at Aranjuez—that can be looked up in any pedestrian history. Besides, what one reader in a thousand wants to know? Whereas everybody likes to watch a queen performing duets with a lover, and a Royal Family joining in a quintet with a cannon-voiced Emperor.

It is really wonderful that Mr. Guedalla can keep it up, not merely for a paragraph, but, without any relaxation of emphasis, for no less than 476 pages. If anyone thinks this kind of thing easy, let him sit down and try for himself. He will soon realize that such mastery as Mr. Guedalla has attained of his instrument is the product of a consummate technique. There is, alas, no royal road to the achievement of best sellers.

And, while never losing sight of his main purpose to "keep the tambourine a-rolling"— as Mr. Jorrocks's immortal huntsman used to say—at all costs, Mr. Guedalla is honorably distinguished from the common run of modern biographers by his pains to read up his subject. He has pages on pages of references at the end of the book, indicated by little figures in the margin of the text, though if you should want to look up any particular reference, you have to hunt about a good deal to find out what section of what chapter you happen to be in. But then, how many readers want to hunt up a reference? And a glance at those unread pages at the end gives you a wonderful feeling of being in safe hands.

There are times when Mr. Guedalla can be not only bright, but informative. The catalogue of his hero's library, on the voyage out to India and subsequently in India, and his comparison of it with that of Napoleon on his voyage to Egypt, are contributions of real value to our knowledge of Wellington. Mr. Guedalla excels as a snapper-up of unconsidered gossip. All that there is to be known about Wellington's friendships and flirtations with women is very entertainingly described for us. We are far better informed of his partial conquest of that incredible evangelist, Miss Jenkins, than of his victory over Napoleon. And perhaps, if the truth must be told, the majority of readers will be more interested in the venerable Beau's startling "I love you, oh how I love you," than in "Tell him to die where he stands," or "The whole line will advance."

This would, in fact, be not only a fascinating, but an ideal biography, had it not been for the fact that the Duke was after all a soldier, and one of the greatest soldiers of all time. Take away his military career, and he would be hardly worth biographizing at all, except as an honest, but not very successful statesman. But for a biographer of the latest school, the military career has certain disadvantages. It is difficult to impart to a reasoned study of campaigns that continuous emphasis that is the *sine qua non* of of the jazz style. Moreover, a grasp of military essentials is possessed by few soldiers—let alone civilians. It is conspicuously lacking among the brilliant talents of Mr. Guedalla.

We must grant this much to his credit. He has shown that, like all other great soldiers, Wellington only attained his mastery of war by prolonged and arduous study of his subject. He has also indicated how much of that mastery consisted in painstaking attention to the prosaic details of transport and administrative organization. That is no new discovery of Mr. Guedalla's, but that it should be dwelt upon in his pages is as welcome as it was unexpected.

But when he comes to the great campaigns, in the Peninsula and Belgium, the defects of Mr. Guedalla's method and equipment become glaring. Already one or two of his picturesque touches have revealed a propensity to write about war as no one at all versed in the subject could possibly have written. For it is Mr. Guedalla's habit to enliven his narrative by every now and then inserting little tit-bits of contemporary history—he cannot get his hero born without reminding us of Townshend's fiscal policy, or send him to school without an accompaniment of "flagging" guns at Yorktown. That is all very well by way of keeping things lively, but the method is dangerous when it takes the form of packing a battle or a campaign into one bright sentence. Thus we are spirited away from India to learn how Napoleon "dazzled the Austrians by the consummate swordsmanship of Marengo." "The consummate swordsmanship" consisted in blundering up against the Austrian main army with only part of his own—a mistake that might have ended Napoleon's career there and then, had not the arrival of Desaix at the eleventh hour snatched victory out of the jaws of a well deserved defeat. Again, in 1805, we are told that "Napoleon turned a scornful back on the derisive cliffs of Dover and flung himself angrily against Vienna," a queer way of describing a manœuvre whose objective was not Vienna at all, but Mack's army on the Upper Danube—as if one were to say that Moltke, when he made his dispositions for entrapping the French at Sedan, was "flinging himself angrily against Paris." These little lapses, like Mr. Guedalla's discovery of a corps commander at Ligny called Mouton, may be small things in themselves—but imagine Captain Liddell Hart or the late Colonel Henderson perpetrating them!

PHILIP GUEDALLA

The account of the Peninsular campaign consists of a rapid series of picturesque touches from which no one could possibly gather anything but a confused impression of little figures in red and blue pitted against each other, and the red usually getting the best of it. It is true that Mr. Guedalla does, on one occasion, launch out into strategical explanation. "The military problem," he informs us, "was almost maddeningly simple," the French objective being "to find and destroy the British expeditionary force." The British problem Mr. Guedalla characterizes as "just as simple. For it presented two objectives—to avoid expulsion and then, resuming the offensive, to expel the French." In short, each side was doing its damndest to defeat the other one—a simple explanation indeed!

Of the real elements of the problem Mr. Guedalla seems oblivious. He does, in one paragraph, allude to the useful activities of the Spanish guerrillas, without ever, apparently, suspecting that these irregulars were contributing at least as much towards the expulsion of the French as the British regulars, the main effect of whose presence was, for a long time, to prevent the French from ever dealing effectively with these germs that kept the Spanish ulcer festering. The way in which Wellington exploited the advantages of sea power, the fact that though his enemy might concentrate his forces, sheer hunger would always compel him to disperse them, and the way in which Napoleon was bled to death in the East by being compelled to keep a Western Front continually in being—these are among the points that it is incumbent on every serious historian to make in dealing with the Peninuslar situation. But then, would Mr. Guedalla want to be described as a serious historian? Or would it be possible to become a best seller on the strength of such a reputation?

We come to that most famous and controversial of all his campaigns, in which

Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
As every child can tell.

What is Mr. Guedalla's contribution to the story? We start off, it is hardly necessary to say, with the ball at Brussels, the disposition of the allied forces and Napoleon's plan of campaign being left to the imagination. All goes more or less according to Byron, with pipes going by in the summer dawn and cries of "God bless him," until the Duke is discovered staring at the woods beyond Quatre Bras, where some sort of a battle takes place, a wild affair of French lancers wheeling in the corn and redcoats hurrying up the long road from Brussels." Save for a confused impression of Ney raging and Wellington reeling up and down, the little Wilhelmines who want to know

About the war
And what they killed each other for

must go away disconsolate, as far as Quatre Bras is concerned.

But we do have one piece of quite definite information about Ligny, which is that the Prussian army was "shattered." The whole fortunes of the subsequent campaign depended precisely on the fact that Napoleon's dispositions for shattering that army miscarried, owing to the misunderstanding that kept d'Erlon's corps marching uselessly between the two battlefields. But Mr. Guedalla does not seem to have heard of d'Erlon, and what is almost incredible, does not even seem to have heard of Grouchy's part in the campaign, or think it important enough to mention. We hear nothing of Gneisenau, and his wish for the Prussian army to retire on its communications and leave Wellington in the lurch, nor of the splendid loyalty of Blücher in keeping touch with his colleague. We have scarcely a hint of the deadly peril in which Wellington stood at Quatre Bras in the morning of the 17th—it was Napoleon's last great opportunity. Still less have we any discussion of Wellington's dangerously scattered original distribution of his army, the reasons for his tardy concentration, and his belief that Napoleon's best chance would have been to have struck at his right flank instead of his point of contact with Blücher.

We arrive, somehow, at Waterloo, which is another very simple affair. The French come on in columns and are driven back by the English in line—the fact that the most formidable of all the attacks, that of d'Erlon's corps on the English left centre, was hurled back, after coming dangerously near to success, by one of the best timed cavalry charges in history, being passed over. The French cavalry charges come next, "a picturesque but scarcely an alarming experience," and then the Guard. Mr. Guedalla is delightfully indifferent as to the controversy that has raged for at least a century as to the precise manner of the Imperial Guard's discomfiture. It was just a volley of the English Guards, and the trick was done.

The valley crashed; and as the smoke drifted into the sunset, the Guard broke—and with the guard the memory of Austerlitz, of Eylau, Friedland, Jena, Wagram, and Borodino melted upon the air.

One wonders why; and anyhow it was because he had refused to use the Guard at such a distance from Paris that Napoleon had lost his opportunity of turning Borodino into a decisive victory.

Then Blücher turns up, in time to kiss the Duke goodnight. We have previously been told that "if Blücher was to be believed, some Prussians would be coming later," so we may gather from their commander's presence that some of them have arrived, in spite of their shattering. And then we have the tag about Amelia praying for George Sedley.

"As every child can tell . . ." well, we have known children who could have told us a good deal more about the way in which "Wellington thrashed Bonaparte" than Mr. Guedalla has seen fit to do. And yet, to judge by some reviews we have read, Mr. Guedalla's is destined to be the standard biography of Wellington.

About the post-war part of the Duke's career, we can say, with truth, that Mr. Guedalla's pages make very pleasant reading. The saxophones, the ukuleles, the drums, keep up the non-stop melody from the Regency to the time of the Great Exhibition. Mr. Guedalla is much more at home in the mimic warfare of politics than "where men strokes deal." And the final chapter, in which the Duke's enormous list of titles is used as a march to accompany his funeral, is a fine bid to go one better than the close of Mr. Lytton Strachey's biography of Queen Victoria, in which the most picturesque incidents of her reign are made to flit through the dying brain.

Mr. Guedalla's book may be recommended to anyone who likes a picturesque surface and does not want to be bothered with what may be beneath, to anyone with a liking for the thrills without the ardors of historical study, to anyone who prefers jazz to Beethoven—in short, nowadays, to practically everyone. Times are hard, but not too hard, we feel confident, to prevent such a book as this from selling in its tens, or perhaps hundreds, of thousands. And, as Artemus Ward puts it, "I can say nothing fairer than that."

The Hunting Field

HARD UP ON PEGASUS. By HUGH B. C. POLLARD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $7.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED STODDART

MAJOR POLLARD, whose standing as a writer on sport is well established in England, has produced a sophisticated and finished volume of fox hunting sketches in "Hard Up on Pegasus." The book makes no pertense to originality, but the author is so thoroughly conversant with his subject and treats it with such admirable literary skill, leavened by humor and common sense, that it is bound to please, and perhaps instruct, the advanced student of the science of fox hunting, as well as the beginner. Somewhat in the manner of Surtee's "Analysis of the Hunting Field," Major Pollard depicts the various characters which go to make up the "field" and always in a spirit of gentle irony which not only amuses but often instructs. Similarly, Major Pollard sketches for us with fidelity various events of the hunting season, the opening meet, the hunter trials, the point to point, and so on.

So many books have been produced in recent years instructing us in the art of horsemanship and sport that we are in danger of becoming too academic. But "Hard Up on Pegasus" is not to be thought of in this connection. Written by a thoroughly experienced sportsman in a style far surpassing that of the average sport writer, its chief function is to amuse, and in this it succeeds admirably. The tinted illustrations by Gilbert Holiday add considerable charm to the volume, although the implied comparison of that artist with John Leech printed on the dust cover is, one would say, putting it rather strongly.

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The Art of Layout

MISE EN PAGE. By A. TOLMAN. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1931. $15.
Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

WHATEVER permanent influence modernism may continue to exercise on the decorative arts, it has certainly proved an apt form of expression for present-day advertising. At the moment when stark realism proved too stiff and limited to suggest the more complex messages advertisers wished to convey, modernistic treatment stepped into the breach and afforded means of expressing graphically what had hitherto been inexpressible. Realism could show a convincing picture of a luxurious Atlantic liner, but modernism gives the spirit, the thrill, the anticipations of an ocean voyage. Realism paints a picture of an electric refrigerator, white and shiny, four-square and solid, but modernism suggests the implications of such an addition to household equipment, social, hilarious, hygienic, economic, decorative, modish. More than that, modernism has the quality so desirable in advertising appeal of surprising and startling an eye jaded by ordinary symbols however competently rendered.

So obvious is this that Mr. Tolman takes modernism for granted without explanation or apology in his book on layout, which is what the expression "Mise en Page" means. Mr. Tolman is an artist printer of Paris, with startling ideas about new technical effects in designing and printing available for advertising. His book, originally in French, has now been published in an English version with the French text in the back.

Mr. Tolman is not only author and printer; he is illustrator as well, and as artist he has used scissors, paste-pot, T-square, and camera as freely as brush and pencil, with paper cut-outs or jointed wooden figures as subjects, so that the pictures have something the naive and amusing effect of the illustrations in a child's book.

The processes are as novel as the treatments—color, cellophane transparencies, gold and silver inks, varnish and embossing, and a great variety of printing surfaces are employed in ways that are new, fresh, and even startling. "A picture must cry aloud." They do, indeed. The results are arresting, provocative, stimulating, somehow alive strangely and disturbingly. "The message of advertising is ineffective unless the manner of presenting it has a quality of surprise and appeal." In these pages is the reflection of our modern, rapid, violent, crowded life.

Layout is as ancient as the art of design. It functioned in the arrangement of hieroglyphics on the sarcophagus of Tisbartes, in the composition of animated figures on a Greek vase, in the design of the Zodiac at Dendara, the checkerboard pattern of symbols on the sacred footprint of Buddha. Many of the devices of the modern artist are old as civilization. The Eiffel Tower with Citroen's advertisement picked out in electric lights is a reincarnation of a sculptured obelisk blurbing the virtues of a dead Egyptian king.

In the past the power of design—any design at all—architectural, page ornament, and so forth—has been in the appropriateness and normal balance of the elements. In the present instance the shock of novelty has been achieved by combining utterly inappropriate elements. In some cases this enhances the beauty of each part. All this is merely to get attention, but there are other things in advertising besides attention.

It is difficult to do justice to this book without showing the pictures. Here is a page composed of scraps of music and newspaper clippings, stars, wire antennæ, tubes, dials and buttons, names of cities, etc., labeled "Radio." Comment:

> Before Picasso began to stick actual pieces of paper which he had cut out of newspapers onto his canvas we should never have had the courage to compose an advertising page with such apparently unsuitable elements. The diversity of wireless announcements. There is no longer any excuse needed for the rapid transition from one country to another, from politics to music, or from boxing matches to stock-exchange quotations. In this respect our ears have educated our eyes, and the art of layout has been quick to profit by this newly acquired adaptability.

The text is by no means as good as the designs. It is little more than a running comment on the exhibits. It reads awkwardly, though this may be the fault of the translator who was evidently unfamiliar with advertising, but Mr. Tolman himself is not an advertising man as we understand the term, so his brief discussion of its principles is elementary. It is not so much a book on advertising design as a gorgeous portfolio of stirring and stimulating treatments, showing how a technical acquaintance with the scope and powers of the printing press can inspire a modernist artist. As such it sets a new mark and is full of inspiration to the American art director. It is resplendently bound in yellow, black, and silver with a box to match.

Earnest Elmo Calkins, until his recent retirement head of one of the foremost advertising agencies of the country, has written largely in his special field of interest, as well as having contributed numerous general essays to magazines. In 1925 *he was awarded the Edward Bok medal for distinguished service in advertising.*

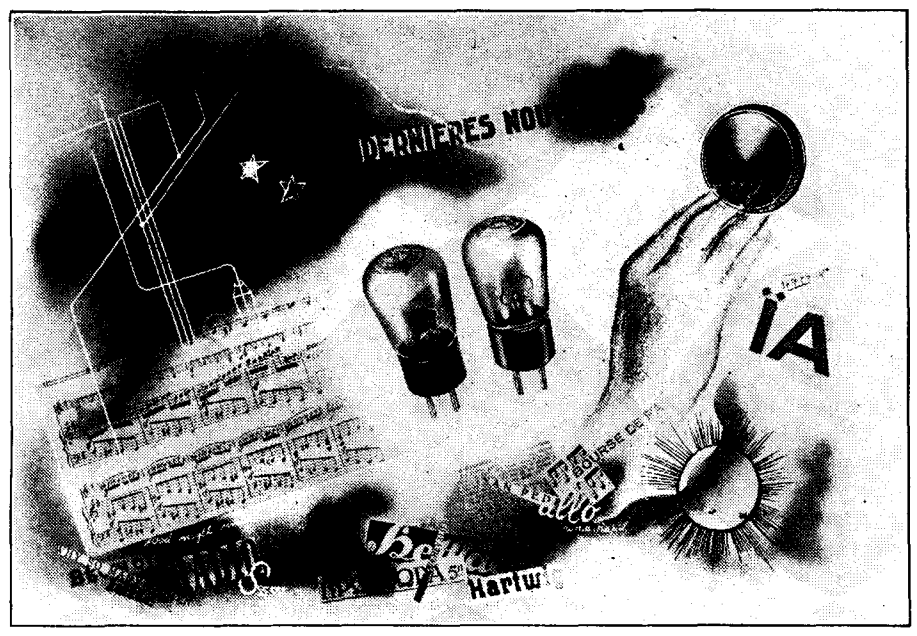

ILLUSTRATION ENTITLED "RADIO," FROM "MISE EN PAGE"

A Dynamic American

CLARENCE DARROW. By CHARLES YALE HARRISON. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931.
Reviewed by WILL IRWIN

IN reviewing any biography of Clarence Darrow, one who knows him cannot resist the temptation to write of the man rather than of the book. In all our background of able, original, unclassifiable characters, we have never given birth to one more original than this. Saint and yet cynic, dove and yet fox, philosopher and yet man of action, hard of mind and yet sentimental, as sensational as the front page of a tabloid and yet profoundly cultivated—his character traces a dazzling pattern in colors which clash and which nevertheless harmonize. Most radicals fight for the underdog in mass—let the individual go hang so long as we establish Our Cause. Darrow reverses the process. Although he would call himself a philosophical anarchist, he has never trailed for any length of time with any radical movement. But during nearly fifty stormy years he has been fighting for the underdog as an individual—accepting the legal cases of rebels at variance with the accepted social order, usually in shadow of the gallows, and defending them with such skill and jury-enthralling eloquence that no client of his has ever taken the short walk. The record here compiled must amaze lawyers. He has held briefs for more than one hundred men accused of capital offenses and furiously unpopular with the community; nearly all of them left the courtroom scot free. A few times, realizing with the judgment which is one of his powers that he was backed against a wall, he has skilfully compromised for a life sentence—as in the cases of the MacNamaras and Leopold and Loeb. He has conducted these cases mostly without fees. The game's the thing—that and a complex against killing, whether by private vengeance or edict of law.

His career is as inconsistent as his life. No man has been more thoroughly hated than he during his periods of crisis; and yet, now that he sits feigning inaction in the twilight of his seventies, he is rather generally loved and admired. The sober second judgment of twenty years later usually vindicates these great, sincere rebels. Yet in Darrow's case, that verdict has called him wrong in twenty-five or fifty per cent of his battles. It is as though we granted him the privilege of being wrong some of the time because when he is right he is so eternally right.

Mr. Harrison writes of a living subject—always a handicap in a biography. However, Darrow never cares very much what anyone says of him, so that his historian can be exceptionally frank. It amounts to a vivid story of a fighting life. I quarreled at first with the inclusion of so many extracts from Darrow's speeches and legal passages-at-arms. For the spoken word is not the written word; the most eloquent speech, stripped by the printing process of elocution, gesture, facial expression, and personal magnetism, usually seems rough and vapid. I changed my mind before I was finished. They have great cumulative force in building up the image of the man and his mind. Further, Darrow is preëminently a stylist in speech as well as in writing. Such passages as his address to the jury in the Heywood case, the one to the judge in the Leopold-Loeb case, and his Bryan-baiting in the Tennessee evolution case, stand up by themselves as examples of forceful, almost inspired, English prose. One knows Darrow, when he has finished the book, almost as well as though the man had been discoursing, in his dynamically cultivated way, across a dinner table.

That the biographer lacks historical perspective on this living man is past praying for. That he lacks also a critical sense on most of Darrow's advanced opinions is perhaps a more serious objection. And Darrow's sheep, black or gray, are to him white, woolly lambs. For example, I cannot myself believe that Big Bill Heywood was not up to his solitary eye in the Orchard dynamitings. Perhaps Darrow knew that himself. To him, it would have made no difference, and rightly according to his standards. Be the individual never so guilty, he would say, society merely piles horror on horror by strangling him or shooting electricity down his spine. Sympathy with the subject's doings and opinions serves in this case partially to dull the biographer's critical sense. But that does not contradict the fact that he has written an individual record of a great, unpatterned American.

Will Irwin has been journalist and magazine editor, war correspondent and chief of the foreign department of the Commission on Public Information in 1918. *He is President of the American Center of the P. E. N. Club, and the author of a large number of works both of fiction and non-fiction. Among the latter is a biography of President Hoover.*

The Frontier in Letters

THE REDISCOVERY OF THE FRONTIER. By PERCY H. BOYNTON. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1931.
Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THERE has been need for many years of a treatment of the literary aspects of the American frontier commensurate, in incisive analysis of the problem, with Frederick J. Turner's classic essay, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History." The materials for such a study have been slowly accumulating, notably in R. L. Ruck's "The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier" and D. A. Dondore's "The Prairie and the Making of Middle America," but neither L. L. Hazard's somewhat ecstatic "The Frontier in American Literature" nor Jay B. Hubbell's brief essay in "The Reinterpretation of American Literature" fulfilled the need adequately. Mr. Boynton's small volume is the best generalization which has as yet appeared and should do much toward clarifying the lines of critical and historical approach to the problem.

"The purpose of this study is more historical than critical," the author explains, but his attitude is not that of the scientifically objective historian. His primary object is the interpretation of literary history, an object which classes him with those critics who view literature as an organic part of social evolution and which makes him unavoidably a critic. He is extremely selective in the material which he treats, and he mentions no work without a brief appraisal of it in its relationship to his central thesis.

That thesis is derived directly from Turner. It is in brief that the frontier is the most significant single element in the development of the American nation, a movement which embraces in its larger aspects the problems of western expansion, of immigration, and even of those "back-trailers" who in successive waves have reëstablished the connections of new and primitive civilizations with the older homes of culture. Mr. Boynton's contributions lie in his grouping of the resultant literature under these three heads, in his distinctions between those writings which are literature and those which are merely source material for social history, and in his evaluations of the most important literary products of the movement.

A close correlation of literature with social history has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. Perhaps the most valuable chapter in this book is that on the "back-trailers," a term borrowed from Hamlin Garland and applied to all reactions to the frontier which took an Eastward direction. No other work has been so successful in establishing a basis for the study of the international novel and other aspects of the inevitable return of Americans to Europe. Henry James and William Dean Howells find here their logical places in American literary history as developments from the frustration of Mark Twain and the sentimentality of Bret Harte. The return to Europe is the climactic chapter in the story of the frontier.

On the other hand, Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth" by the same logic appears as a more profound and significant novel than "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith," a position which other critics may not be too willing to allow it. The consistent application of a thesis sometimes leads to strange conclusions in historical criticism, even though the positive values of such criticism may far overbalance the disadvantages of carrying an argument to its inevitable conclusion. Especially is this the case when the work in question is as entertaining and provocative—as logical and clear—as the one in review.

Robert E. Spiller is professor of English at Swarthmore College and is well known as a critic and editor of James Fenimore Cooper.

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Wells Sees It Through

(*Continued from page* 341)

overflow any confining scheme is, however, ordered ingeniously enough. Mr. Wells first links the entire story to the already redoubtable train he erected in his preceding volumes through emphasis on the historical and biological roots of human economics. The earlier chapters are then devoted to the purely material functions and developments of the human community considered under the headings of the conquest of substances and the conquest of power. Extensive discursions follow in the story of typical substances like silk, coal, rubber, iron, and steel, and stimulating suggestions are contributed as to the supersession of fossil combustion power by new natural sources of energy. Always supremely concerned with the conquest of distance and its consequent scaling down of the world, we are next treated to kaleidoscopic surveys of the development of railroad, steamship, airways, roads, telegraph, print, and film. Concerned next with the conquest of hunger, we learn of the role of fertilizers, the mechanized farm, the arts of cultivation including the vineyard, and the role of the beekeeper, the use of substitutes and adulteration, dining, and drugging, with an extensive discussion of the peasant order and its passing, particularly in Russia. Man is then clothed and housed under the rubric, "Conquest of Climate." Considering the wardrobes of mankind, we learn incidentally that the "present underclothing of the world is disgustingly dirty, ragged, and defective" and that "few people can be trusted to cut and arrange their own toe nails well." There are vigorous and unsettling ideas about modern architecture and promises of the twentieth century as the "era of rebuilding," to say nothing of the conquest of darkness by electric light. There follows a discussion of the distributive organization.

Constantly leaving behind vistas of enormous galleries of industrial museums as fillers-in of the bare recital of industrialism thus far canvassed, Mr. Wells then proceeds to install the human personnel on the stage he has so amply drawn for us. The tradition and evolution of the worker is reviewed in the guild and trade union with a far-flung consideration of the amelioration of the factory system and an extensive story of contemporary vestiges of slavery and tropical forced labor. The summary of rationalization, coöperation, and public control of industry, though often rather superficial is treated functionally. Perhaps the most original pages of the entire work follow in the psychological examination of "why people work." Here Wells turns up layer after layer of the inner motivations of the worker, peasant, industrialist, priest, lawyer, official. Having discovered through this vertical plumbing of incitements to work that the "money idea" contains the overmastering prepotence and prestige in the modern scene, Wells then lingers greedily over the financial body of mankind, snatching apart the counting house, the banks, currency, and the gold standard. Upon this latter topic, our author has very decided convictions which he illustrates by a summary discussion of the present-day depression and the recent abandonment of the gold standard by Great Britain.

Having attained the very nub of the modern social organism through consideration of finance as its life-blood, we are then treated to an anatomization of "the rich and the poor, and their traditional antagonism." Typical careers of fortune makers are passed in review as well as the congruent problem of the attempt of Soviet Russia to abolish rich and poor together. Another of the periodical crescendos is reached in the chapter on the race between readjustment, disorder, and social revolution with the paradox of unemployment on the nervous edge.

There is a bow to sex in the fascinating chapter on the role of women in the world's work with profound sociological overtones in the sections on the "social neuter," women as spenders, unoccupied women, prostitutes, gigolos, and the special education for women. In the sections on government one gets premonitions of the conquering theme of the work and learns of the double warfare engendered by economic nationalism, the White War at the frontier and the Red War of the military forces. Generalizations on governments as the controlling organs in the ant-hill thus far surveyed are introduced to indicate how sadly askew this whole function has become in the light of the technical excellences of the human scene. In turn, we read of bicameralism, the burlesque of parliamentary government, the masquerade of "assent" (or suffrage), the circus of politicians, armament-mongers, pacifism, the League of Nations, and other diverse movements for cosmopolitan and international control.

The quality and multiplication of the nineteen hundred million humans is examined as to race characters (the whilom Yellow Peril is effectively quashed), and eugenics as an ameliorative measure is given its due weight. Then Mr. Wells troops in the more sportive and esthetic pursuits under the caption of "the overflowing energy of mankind." Here we learn of leisure and its uses, the world of sport, gaming, entertainment, and art and their uniform strangulation by a perfervid commercialism. Finally, with intense emotional surcharge and incandescent intellectual clarity, Mr. Wells attains an ultimate resolution of all these complex strands and myriad diversities of theme into the note of "how mankind is taught and disciplined," waxing alternately Utopian and over anxious for his precious ant-hill. Appended to this is a bold elaboration of an educational program for the modern progressive community and out of his sleeve our author draws the hitherto none too carefully concealed Open Conspiracy of the educated and talented to save mankind from its own casual folly. Incidentally (and for which he will earn few plaudits from the divines), religious attitudes and institutions in all their amazing forms are insinuated into the train of thought as an afterthought in discussion of education. This and the accompanying discussion of the "recalcitrant," or criminal, elements is, however, introduced most gracefully and cleverly into the general superstructure.

Throughout Mr. Wells harkens always to that nominalist philosophy which would seek escape from the rigidity of words and dogmas, hard classifications, and uncompromising attitudes, and which would "look directly and discriminatingly at things themselves." At the end as at the beginning, Mr. Wells embraces Roger Bacon.

The sustaining interpretative guide which Wells has used has been adopted from Jung. It is the "persona," or idea every person has usually built up of himself to harmonize with or to rebel against one's environment; it is, in short, one's self-adopted role in the world of work, wealth, and happiness. Three general historical types of this "persona" are recovered from history by Wells. There is the peasant persona, or the avaricious, acquisitive, conservative type. The modern urbanite is often only the transplanted peasant; the bourgeois is the swollen peasant, while the proletariat is the expropriated peasant. The nomadic persona is the robber-predatory, social-parasite, or noble-boor sort. Finally as a sort of fine flower, the priestly or educated persona exfoliates throughout all society. This is the "clerk," the progressive or revolutionary type, imbued with quasi-disinterested motives and replete with personal integrity. To this class must be aggregated teachers, journalists, civil servants, and permanent officials. Mr. Wells has here attempted to resolve the misty and vague generalizations of Marxian economic determinism and the related straw-man of the classical economists, *Homo Economicus*. Throughout the work, this "persona" classification serves to illuminate the complex problems of the past and helps to point the way out for a happy solution since Mr. Wells places ultimate faith in the resurgence of the educated type and contagion of the community by the educated persona.

Thus, in what seems otherwise a rather disappointing section in the discussion on rich and poor, Mr. Wells has steadfastly adhered to this prevalent conception of the "personas." To the degree that the contemporary rich and powerful have been contaminated with the disinterestedness consequent upon their patronage of the arts and sciences they are to be approved as a class. To the degree that the vast fortunes of Hetty Green, Jay Gould, and Alfred Lowenstein, however, represent peasant acquisitiveness, to that extent are they to be condemned. The usual bald statement of the class struggle is thus wrenched asunder. Likewise, after a devastatingly satirical portrait of the politician ("his posturing, intrigue, and unscrupulous appeals to fear, class-jealousy, and patriotism, favors, buttons, crystal, and claptrap"), Mr. Wells throws the whole heart of his support to the obscure but disinterested class of permanent officials or civil servants as the trustworthy instrument of popular government. Throughout in allaying aggravated economic nationalism and mediatizing their sovereign powers, hope is placed in a world civil service and "a time may come when history, grown more penetrating, will have more to tell about clerks and less about conquerors."

Mr. Wells identifies his socialism clearly with this prepossession of a world where men will rather serve than own, and in a sense offers a signal contribution to socialist literature in the accompanying stress upon the necessity of developing a "competent receiver" of property which will embody the commonweal after the "abolition" of private ownership. Even within the integuments of the present-day economic arrangements, the difference between public and private ownership of large impersonal corporations becomes thus only a difference in the spirit of direction. In the growing tension developed by economic stress, the sense of undeserved frustration of men, the "shabby, anxious, undignified lives on the margin of existence," raises the ultimate question of revolution, but Wells again in his ultimate Fabianism views this eventuality with grave alarm as he also regards the contemporary Russian scene with undisguised suspicion. In fact, his attitude toward this great Russian economic experiment seems unjustifiedly scoffing and even derisive. The "Atlantic systems" should approach the reorganization of society more "circumspectly" and "piecemeal"—is his thought.

The treatment of money and international finance is admirably lucid and succinct although quite Utopian in its prospects for the future. In particular, many an economist could profit by perusal of pages on the gold standard (now become the "gold scramble") which is to "rob the world of any pretense to economic justice."

Mention can only be made in passing of the intensely interesting analysis, among other things, of the unoccupied adult woman and the general implication of sex in the world of doing, of the four positively brilliant pages outlining the social history of a religion from "flash to ashes" ("Religions begin as the dawn of God and end with their backs to the wall"), of the courageous defense of prostitutes, and of the penetrating but cursory discussions on art, criticism, and eugenics.

Throughout Mr. Wells writes with a fine instinct for the phrase and a buoyant humor which makes the work eminently readable. In an experimental work of this sort, defects of a minor key are perhaps unavoidable, especially in view of the moral fervor with which he infuses his materials. One may mention the overbalancing dependence, however, upon British sources and consultation and upon the very uneven worth of the Encyclopædia Britannica, which he leans upon. Perhaps Mr. Wells is not yet aware of that most splendid achievement of American editorship and collaboration, the Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences. Use of this as yet uncompleted work would render Mr. Wells's continual resort to his fictions of unbuilt industrial museums and unwritten encyclopædias unnecessary, for in its structure and content we find the answer to his demand for a comprehensive treatise of the work, wealth, and happiness of mankind "with directive general ideas."

Mr. Wells has infested the human ant-hill with a thrilling glow and promise, naïve though it may sound to some. His hope for the racial future is in the extension of the "educated" quality to the whole of mankind. Our hope consequently is that this quality, or "persona," signifies the intellectual vitality and the moral probity of men like H. G. Wells.

Nathan Miller is professor of Economics in Carnegie Institute of Technology.

"An interesting case of copyright is being fought out by Herr Lion Feuchtwanger against his German publishers in Munich," says the London *Observer*.

"During the war 'Jew Süss,' afterwards so famous as a novel, was published by this firm as a play, bearing the usual formula 'Copyright by George Müller.' It was impossible at the time for this German house to make the customary announcement to the American Institute, and pay the fee of two dollars which ensures the American as well as the European copyright. The matter was forgotten when the war ended, with the result that any performance of his play would be free of royalties to the author if performed in the United States. This did not happen until last year when the Jewish Art Theatre announced a production of 'Jew Süss,' of which Herr Feuchtwanger knew nothing.

"When his application for royalties was received, it was refused on the ground that the play was not copyrighted in America. The lawsuit now being brought by the author of 'Jew Süss' against his German publishers is for damages incurred by failing to protect the play. The royalties in question amount to four hundred dollars a week, and it is for this amount that he is suing."

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

WELLINGTON. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. *Harpers.*

A vividly written biography of the Great Duke, starting from the premise that his life continues to be of high interest even after Waterloo is in the past.

WESTWARD PASSAGE. By MARGARET AYER BARNES. *Houghton Mifflin.*

The story of a middle-aged woman whose life an ocean crossing upsets for the nonce. By the author of "Years of Grace."

SOVIET RUSSIA. By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN. *Little, Brown.*

A revised edition of one of the most trustworthy and interesting accounts of contemporary Russia to have appeared to date.

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Safety First

WESTWARD PASSAGE. By MARGARET AYER BARNES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MRS. BARNES'S writing is, for good and bad, genteel. She has style, a style which is as effortless and as right as the style of a lady who dresses well by instinct. She writes with commanding familiarity of pleasant and dignified settings. But she has also that provincialism of the drawing-room, that ignorance of manners and ideas outside of a certain range long ago agreed on as sufficient, which has always been the disadvantage of the genteel. For a small instance, she makes her hard, clear-sighted débutante, in this year of grace, say, "I should worry!" and call a hat a "lid," two expressions which were outmoded in 1920; and for a large instance, she has a belief in the enormous value of a suitable, settled establishment, as something like a country or a church which has an unquestioned right to sacrifices, and will sufficiently reward them. When that view was really common, Mr. Grant Allen attacked it in his "The Woman Who Did"; now that it is not, Mrs. Barnes clings to it in her stories of Women Who Don't Quite.

For not all the panoramic background and skilful incident of "Years of Grace" could conceal the fact that it was a story in which nothing important happened: its heroine followed the unresisting line of conventionality, in spite of various temptations to leave the homes she did not love for men whom she did; and if she escaped the sin denounced in "The Statue and the Bust," it was only because of her youth and weakness, which perhaps made decision impossible for her. "Westward Passage" tells a similar story about a much more despicable woman. It presents seven days in the life of Olivia Ottendorf, daughter of an impoverished old New York family, divorced wife of Nick Allen, the writer, wife by a second marriage of Harry Ottendorf, the millionaire brewer. At the beginning of her voyage home she finds herself on the same boat with her former husband, who had been a desperately poor and intensely irritable genius when she deserted him, but is now America's foremost novelist, in circumstances that allow full room for flowering to the charm he always had. During the five days of the crossing, she falls in love with him again, and he (poor man) has apparently always been in love with her; the second day after landing she runs away with him, only to find that, though famous, he is not rich, that he will not at her command write the sort of books that would make him rich, and that, altogether, she will not have entirely her own way with him as with Harry; whereupon she remembers her children and her family, and returns to the doting Ottendorf.

It is necessary to be so explicit in retelling the story because the book consists of its heroine, and one cannot appreciate her and cannot, therefore, judge the book without doing so. It may be that women (who were the most numerous admirers of "Years of Grace") will find Olivia more sympathetic; but to a male reviewer Olivia, who runs away from the respectability of her home to the charm of Nick, runs away from his poverty to the stability offered by Harry, runs from him to Nick when she thinks that Nick can now offer luxury as well as love, and runs away from him a second time when she finds that he cannot, is merely contemptible. And the details of the book strengthen this impression; at the beginning, for instance, one reason for Olivia's restlessness is the reflection that, as her daughter is about to make her début, she can no longer expect to flirt with young men; it is less harshly put, but the implication that Olivia's aim in life is to eat her cake and have it, is clear. Now it would, of course, be possible to write an admirable book about a woman who was both predatory and cowardly, another "All Kneeling"; but one has an uneasy suspicion that Mrs. Barnes, in spite of the completeness of her exposure of Olivia, does not herself know what a wretched creature Olivia is. Certainly there is no satiric intention evident in the manner; the book is devoted to an elaborate apology for each of Olivia's actions. But a real apology is impossible, for Olivia never rises to the motives of real love or real virtue that could excuse her going or staying. We are told that she did not merely want Harry's money, that she was in love with him; but all that that comes to is that she felt that after Nick's exigence Harry's stupid, kindly devotion would be pleasant to live with; and her returning love for Nick merely meant that she thought she wanted his wit and passion for a change. The most skilful analysis of Olivia's character can show us nothing more significant than a cat carefully weighing the merits of the armchair and the hearth. It is much to be regretted, for dignity and order and gentility are in need of proponents, and Mrs. Barnes's gifts of style and invention, and her understanding of character in her own realm, might make her a valuable exemplar of them, if she would not waste her talents on such inconsequential stories.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES
FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON

An Artist's Memories

LIFE WAS WORTH LIVING. By W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

TO have been the friend of Burne-Jones and of Whistler, of Henry James and Augustine Daly, of William Morris and Oscar Wilde, of Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt was indeed to have made the best of both worlds. A taste for celebrities ran in Mr. Robertson's family. His great-grandmother had heard Mrs. David Garrick say of a friend about to install the novelty of a bathroom—"Well, I thank God I'm none so dirty." His grandmother had lost her house keys on Highgate Common. A compassionate and admiring old gentleman spent half the night hunting for them and returned them in the morning, "With the compliments of S. T. Coleridge."

Among his mother's friends were two Anglo-Greek girls, the Misses Spartali, of great beauty, whose charms still live in the pictures of Whistler and Rossetti. His mother had met Dickens, but was repelled by the splendor of what seemed a spun glass waistcoat.

An uncle, James Nasmyth, was the inventor of the steam hammer and possessor of a prime attraction for any boy, a huge telescope. After a long absence at the observatory, Mrs. Nasmyth once found James with his legs sticking out of the big tube. He had been cleaning it and could not get back. "How dreadful," the young nephew gasped. "Eh, sir, it was," agreed James Nasmyth. "Man, it was the Lord's mair-r-cy I didna break the lens."

After the usual gentlemanly schooling at Eton, Robertson took up painting with Albert Moore. He was to make his mark in stage decoration and in delightful illustrated books, but his most enduring monument may well be these reminiscences. It would be unfair to discount them in a review. The books must be read. Perhaps the strangest episode is that dealing with Augustine Daly and Ada Rehan. The theory is that Daly expressed his own latent histrionic genius, with a dose of his vulgarity, through Ada Rehan by a sort of hypnosis. Certain it is that she did nothing valuable after his death. When he died suddenly in Paris, leaving Ada Rehan in utter grief and confusion, it was the outcast, Oscar Wilde, who came to her rescue and played a brother's part.

It almost seems as if the tardily domesticated old bachelor author had maintained so long that estate in order that he might observe a complete devotion to the more casual contacts. In conveying their flavor he is incomparable. The literary touch is light but precise, the wit of the essence. He writes as charmingly of his dogs as he does of great actors and painters.

The Fine Art of Ballyhoo

PHANTOM FAME, or The Anatomy of Ballyhoo. By HARRY REICHENBACH, in collaboration with DAVID FREEDMAN. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

HARRY REICHENBACH, who died last summer after three decades as perhaps the chief of the movie and theatrical ballyhooers, is still at it and in his own manner still at it amusingly. Not least interesting in this story of his life is the fact that, for once, Harry Reichenbach, turning from ballyhooing others, is about the business of ballyhooing Harry Reichenbach. If in his lifetime efforts to seize public imagination he possessed the splendid material he and his collaborator, David Freedman, have here, it is no wonder that he was successful. Writing in a sense his own epitaph, he has done it in the spectacular and incredible terms of his press stunts. He is, in his autobiography, no more credible than the fictitious caliphs he brought to Broadway to boost a picture, but he is even more amusing.

His story, as he tells it, is essentially an O. Henry story. It is almost as if he had chosen to make himself the embodiment of those two most famous characters of Porter: the gentle grafter and the Haroun Al Raschid of Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. But in his life and activities he went on beyond Porter who never had the movies as a background. The gentle grafter was only the beginner. It required Harry Reichenbach, who transformed the carnival *spieler* into the public relations counsel, to make ballyhoo an art.

In his book he describes the wide range of his activities from the employment of lions and apes in New York hotels to publicize movies; to the use of Anthony Comstock to make an overwhelming success of an obscure picture called September Morn. As wartime propagandist, he tells how, with a few simple words of wisdom, he defeated the German propagandists in Italy. Most interesting of his wartime stories perhaps is that of using Dutch laborers in German factories to carry into Germany Bibles which began properly with the story of creation, but which switched quickly to Allied propaganda to destroy German morale.

Very amusing are his reminiscent stories of the inflated egos of movie stars whom he aided, and very tragic are the consequences which in many cases, he shows, followed their swift elevation. He writes with candor of Clara Kimball Young, Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, and many others and with acrimony only of Valentino's wife and Eric von Strohheim. Less autobiographical than these stories of the great he knew (the greatest of all, he thought, was Northcliffe) are his contentions that fifty individuals in America shape the lives of all the rest as a result of publicity. It is unintentionally amusing that among those he names he calls Senator Heflin, John, in spite of all the publicity given the gentleman from Alabama. In his mistake probably lies the ironical truth behind much of the ballyhoo about ballyhoo.

The book is written in an easily read journalistic style and at the front of it is a laudatory introduction which says that the stories are all true. The author of the introduction is the tabloid *Mirror's* custodian of the truth, Mr. Walter Winchell.

Why Good Books Die

(*Continued from page* 341)

out, and off the rest rolls toward the junk heap, while authors, publishers, advertisers, promoters, and reviewers work like mad to assemble another train for a run no longer.

Everyone knows of this condition, but not so many realize its implications of endless futile labor in publishers' offices to launch books that are never going to be allowed to sail; of futile labor by authors who are kept busy turning out books that should never have been written, or books that are allowed to die before they can be sold; of futile labor and loss in bookshops, loaded with "plugs" by high pressure salesmanship, and forced to sell a new season's stock before they have learned how to dispose of the old.

Publishers and booksellers are well aware of this sad chaos in their business. That they seem to do nothing about it is assumed to be proof that nothing can be done. This we do not believe. There has been no effective leadership and no effective coöperation, either between bookseller and publisher, or among publishers themselves. But if the public should step on the self-starter, the lumbering truck of the book-trade might start uphill. If the readers and book buyers of such a magazine as this one should begin now to follow the books they want until they are able to buy them—refusing to be flurried by the hullabaloo over a thousand new books into not buying at all—the lives of good titles would even by that action be lengthened, and some of the energy of the publishing season would begin to be expended upon good but unsold books. A very gentle push just now would hasten the reduction of swollen lists. A demand, a very little demand, just now would encourage both publisher and bookseller to stand by a good book until customers had been found for it.

The Saturday Review proposes to do its part by adopting a policy of greater selectiveness in the books it reviews. We can record all the books, we can review adequately all the books of real importance, both good and bad, but to review even briefly all that are now being published is not only impossible, but futile. It is like setting a counting machine to tick off the waves on the beach. We shall let ride the flotsam and jetsam, the grapefruit rinds and ancient boxes, and wait for the waves bearing well-laden craft.

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The Works of Mrs. Woolf

By ROBERT HERRICK

THE WORKS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF. Uniform Edition. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931.

WAVES. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

With dispassionate despair, with entire disillusionment I surveyed the dust dance; my life, my friends' lives, and those fabulous presences, men with brooms, women writing, the willow tree by the river—clouds and phantoms made of dust, too, of dust that changed, as clouds lose and gain and take gold or red . . . mutable, vain. I, carrying a notebook, making phrases, had recorded merely changes; a shadow, I had been sedulous to take note of shadows. How can I proceed now, I said, without a self, weightless and visionless, through a world weightless, without illusion?

SO Bernard, the most definitely loquacious of the phantoms in "Waves," phrases the dilemma of the modern world. But here we are concerned less with the dilemma and Bernard's reaction to it than the effect of such an attitude on the creative artist, on Mrs. Woolf's various volumes where life is projected for our inspection imaginatively. To quote again the candid Bernard:

> Now begins to rise in me the familiar rhythm; words that have lain dormant now lift, now toss their crests, and fall and rise, and fall and rise again. I am a poet, yes. . . . I lash my frenzy higher and higher. It foams. It becomes artificial, insincere. Words and words and words, how they gallop—how they lash their long manes and tails, but for some fault in me I cannot give myself to their backs; I cannot fly with them, scattering women and string bags. There is some flaw in me—some fatal hesitancy, which, if I pass it over, turns to foam and falsity. . . . Am I too fast, too facile? I do not know. I do not know myself sometimes, or how to measure and name and count out the grains that make me what I am. . . .

Such an intense consciousness of futility commonly leads to sterility, as in Bernard's case. Let us see.

"Nothing exists outside us" (says another phantom—the Solitary Traveller in "Mrs. Dalloway") "except a state of mind." Mrs. Woolf, therefore, has been concerned almost wholly with different "states of mind" from "The Voyage Out" to "Waves," which aspires to summarize all states of mortal mind. It is a curious progress from the particular to the general. "The Voyage Out," the first of Mrs. Woolf's novels included in the uniform edition now being published, presents an assortment of states of mind quite accidentally brought together on board ship and at a seashore resort in Brazil. There is subtlety in differentiation of types—all English—thrown together in a foreign hotel, and the distinctness of perception of background and atmosphere with which they are etched gives the impression of detachment that Mrs. Woolf has always maintained. Here are a small group of individuals, male and female, speaking the same language, going about the same trivial occupations, motivated by the same petty egotisms, jostled against each other by a blind chance; such is life—let us see what we can make of it! A design forms unconsciously, an emphasis, the peculiar states of mind induced in two of the young people by falling in love, which is further heightened by the death of the young woman, as accidental and unrelated as all else, nevertheless offering a crisis and an end to the tale.

"Night and Day" is a more elaborate undertaking, less unpremeditated, with more design in the picture. Here the states of mind are nicely divided between those of the older generation with their cultural burdens and the freer, if more perplexed, younger generation, specifically of two young men and one young woman, whose uncertainties of mood in relation to the young men form the main absorption of the story. A great many particulars are revealed in "Night and Day," such as the Hilberys and the Hilbery atmosphere of culture (in the best Victorian sense), the closely woven tapestry of English social life not greatly affected by contemporary strains and shocks, but above all the state of mind of youth, and especially of Katherine Hilbery, whose indecisions and vagueness in the matter of mating provide the main motivation of the book. Katherine Hilbery (who "casts her mind out to imagine an empty land where all this petty intercourse of men and women, this life made up of the dense crossings and entanglements of men and women, had no existence whatever") is the most considerably explored of all Mrs. Woolf's characters, and "Night and Day," while not the finest, the most moving of her books, is the richest in particulars, the most purely fictional.

The complexities of Katherine's states of mind in reference to the febrile Rodney and the more glowing Ralph no doubt rendered their creator impatient (as it does the reader) with a method of presentation which gives such an undue emphasis to the emotional phases of very young people; so that in "Jacob's Room," which

VIRGINIA WOOLF

comes next, Mrs. Woolf experimented with her subject, permitting the reader to see it now and then in glimpses, darting in flashes of spot light across the years, from childhood to an early death, with occasional complications suggested rather than carried out. The result of this shift from the particular towards the general is a gain in compression, in speed, at the expense of fulness of portraiture. Jacob is any young man, in outline, very nearly. For as his creator says,

> It seems that a profound, impartial, and absolutely just opinion of our fellow-creatures is utterly unknown. Either we are men, or we are women. Either we are cold, or we are sentimental. Either we are young, or growing old. In any case, life is but a procession of shadows, and God knows why it is that we embrace them so eagerly, and see them depart with such anguish, being shadows.

All of which may be quite just, but if such a conviction as to the nature of human appearances becomes an obsession with a novelist it cannot fail but influence his creations: it cuts the very ground from under his projections.

In "Mrs. Dalloway," as if feeling this uncertain ground, Mrs. Woolf reverted to the more ordinary sequences, the more consecutive treatment of her material, making of Mrs. Dalloway a filled-out picture, done largely in retrospect, and as if to satisfy her sense of the universal, added to this full-length portrait the moving story of Mr. and Mrs. Septimius Warren Smith and their fate. Why? The well known fact that at any given moment of time a great many unrelated (and irrelevant) occurrences are happening in space and time would hardly seem to encourage the artist to superimpose one upon another, without more justification than that both are taking place in the same universe at approximately the same moment to similar human beings, except—and here lies the significance—such a concatenation of human lives abruptly brought together by the novelist thickens the matrix, so to speak, gives an impression of the universal. In this way, with this logic, one might go on like the census enumerator, collecting names and data street by street, each one adding its quota to the strength of a generalization. In the case of Septimius Smith and his wife Rezia, they form an emotional relief from the circumscribed content of Mrs. Dalloway's life, the expectedness of it, the thinness of it.

In this conflict between the particular and the general, which the novelist can be imaged as perpetually waging, there comes a point when the two impulses (or insights) are held in just proportion, where the individual still remains an individual and yet the actions, the characteristics by which he is projected, are seen sufficiently *sub specie æternitatis* to give that sense of depth and width to experience that the human being craves. Such a point between the claims of the particular, noted for its own sake, and the generalized abstract, chosen because of significance, Mrs. Woolf seems to have reached in the first part of "To the Lighthouse." Nothing could be more perfect than this prolonged scene in the Ramsey household in the Hebrides, where each element of the picture is thrown up into high relief, allowed to sink back, to be resumed later with larger volume, a more intense meaning. All the cleverness of phrase, the subtlety of perception, the delicacy of finish, which Mrs. Woolf had by this time achieved, is there displayed to its perfection in creating not merely one most charming and most individual woman, Mrs. Ramsay, but many women—let us forbear to say Woman! Also the inner nature of the deepest form of the relation between the two sexes may take is there touched, revealed, and hidden, at the same moment. Here, one might add as well, prose most nearly keeps step with poetry, substituting its larger, more intricate harmonies for obvious rhythms. Alas, that such a creative moment, such an impulse could not be held, even to the finish of this short piece! But notions come in, "experiments," ideas, and *partis pris*, the general but not the universal—there is a vast difference!—and we never get to the Lighthouse.

Before such accomplishment as the first part of this book, however, one wishes to pause, to savor and ponder, to specify. Mrs. Woolf is always master of the word, rich in the figurative use of language (latterly redundant in metaphor, that vain clutch after the unseen!). She is so completely "saturated" (as one of her spiritual fathers would have said) in her material that she can play with it now this way, now that, blending in one sustained manner the technical discoveries of our technical age. She has achieved a style, her style. Which in itself becomes a temptation to further experimentation, and the results we have in "Orlando," which is almost purely a stunt, and in "Waves," which is style and very little more. In these two books the appeal of the universal has quite overwhelmed the sense of the particular. The seed of "Orlando" is to be found in the earlier books, e. g.:

> The lamps of London uphold the dark as upon the points of burning bayonets. The yellow canopy sinks and swells over the great four-poster. Passengers in the mail-coaches running into London in the eighteenth century looked through leafless branches and saw it flaring beneath them. . . . Every face, every shop, bedroom window, public-house, and dark square is a picture feverishly turned—in search of what? It is the same with books. What do we seek through millions of pages? ("Jacob's Room")

As for "Waves," it cries out page upon page for quotation, so easy, abundant, sure is the flow of words on which the burden of its theme is borne. "Words and words and words, how they gallop—how they lash their long manes and tails!"

As a vehicle of expression the English novel has moved a long way from the ponderous work of George Eliot, testimony to the accelerated pace of our intellectual life. It is more open to question how far the novel has moved, is moving in content; as, let us say, a record of the lives lived at any given time. For this last, surely, is one of the proper functions of literature, an inevitable function, to be the record of that civilization from which it springs. If instead of the traditional visitor from Mars we substitute a convinced communist, some one from Russia informed and acute enough to perceive differences, what can we imagine would be his reflections on the world (the English-speaking part of it) as gleaned through the pages of Mrs. Woolf's novels? He might smile benignly at the picture of Percival in "Waves," one of the phantoms who never speaks but whose existence nevertheless seems to have a profound influence on the more vocal phantoms of the tale. Percival, "lounging on the cushions, monolithic," is the ideal of English imperialism: "Time seems endless"—this is India—

> ambition vain. Over all broods a sense of the uselessness of human exertion. . . . An old man in a ditch continues to chew betel and to contemplate his navel. But now, behold, Percival advances; Percival rides a flea-bitten mare and wears a sun-helmet. By applying the standards of the West, by using the violent language that is natural to him, the bullock-cart is righted in less than five minutes. The Oriental problem is solved. He rides on; the multitude cluster around him, regarding him as if he were what indeed he is—a God.

(Gandhi seated at the council table in London would surely smile!) Our communist critic might pass over the mystical silence that falls on a London street when royalty (or mayhap a prime minister) puts his face to the window of a passing motor car as merely a playful gesture on the part of the novelist, possibly (but improbably) ironic in intention.

But he would surely not overlook the fact that practically every one of the novelist's characters existed on the exertions of others, on some unearned increment of society, for which they pay, if they pay at all, by being ornamental, loyal, or serviceable in small routine ways. Nor—what is far more important—that, although these characters chatter a great deal about literature and art and cognate matters, none of them is distinguished in action or in thought, and, most damnatory of all, they assume the futility, and the inevitability of their world. One would not need to be a communist to become convinced that no society composed of such human beings as Mrs. Woolf has projected can possibly long endure whether in England or elsewhere.

This multiple reflection of a dying race, this twilight of small souls, may very well be the dramatized intention of the novelist. But one doubts it. One feels rather that in the case of Mrs. Woolf the novelist has been hypnotized by the flow of lives around her, and that her progress from concern with the dreary particulars to her forlorn universals is but the rationalization of the intellectual in face of futility.

Is it possible that, in order to have a literature with a more vital sense of life than that I have been describing, we shall have to suffer a revolution of some sort, so that *homo sapiens* (or his successors) can regain that primitive, passionate, unreasoned conviction of the reality and the significance of the life he is living, which he is so rapidly losing? It may be so. Meantime, it is a pity that our cleverest writers—those whose words are most eagerly caught up by the quick youth of the day, who are recognized as their guides—do not seek to appeal to more of their fellow men. It is always a pity when the head becomes separated from the heart and the instincts, and no longer leads! It has not been thus in the past, Shakespeare (whose name comes so often to the lips of Mrs. Woolf's characters) is an instance, where the best mind of his age found an expression that appealed, still appeals to myriad lesser minds. There have been many others. But not a Joyce, a T. S. Eliot, a Proust. . . . Mrs. Woolf, so richly endowed, so admirably equipped for the novelist's widest appeal, should not be content with the acclaim of a clique, however distinguished its members may be.

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The BOWLING GREEN

West End Avenue

YOU hear little about West End Avenue. It is too genteel to have much taste for publicity. But like all very decorous personalities it has its secret ligatures with grim fact. It begins at 106th Street, where it is spliced into the western bend of Broadway, with a memory of the *Titanic* disaster (the Straus Memorial Fountain). It ends at 59th Street in Dead Storage and Loans on Cars, and in the gigantic Interborough Power House. Below that, though its uniformed hall-boys do not like to admit it, it becomes Eleventh Avenue. 59th Street was the latitude where all those base-born avenues of the old Tenderloin decided to go respectable by changing their names. Eighth became Central Park West, Ninth became Columbus, Tenth became Amsterdam, and Eleventh (or Death Avenue) became West End. But reform is as difficult for streets as for persons. Broadway, careering diagonally across (trollopes follow the Trade) drew ever upward its witch-fires and its sulphurous glow. Good old strongholds of middle-class manners were swamped. Apartments once gravid with refinement were given over to the dentist and the private detective (who cries *Confidentially Yours* in the window). When the MacFadden Publications burst into that part of town, reticences tottered. Even as far up as the 70's the West Side struggles to disengage from sombre origins or too gaudy companionship. Then a Childs restaurant—unquestionable banner of fair repute—stems the tide on Broadway. Childs is too shrewd to step in on Doubtful Street. The church also comes to the rescue: a place of worship is combined with an apartment house. "The Cross on top of this building," says a notice, "Guarantees Safety, Security, and Enjoyment."

Of all this shifting struggle—so characteristic of New York and repeated in scores of regions all over town—West End Avenue is perfect symbol. The Interborough Power House, I dare say, gives it vitality to struggle successfully with the New York Central freight yards. It is humble enough here: it eats in Gibbs Diner and smokes its cob pipe in the switchman's little house. It sees lines of milk cans on the sidings and is aware of the solid realities of provender and communication on which citizens depend. (Much of West End Avenue's milk comes from Grand Gorge, N. Y., which is an encouraging name to find printed on the cardboard bottle-top when you rummage the ice-box late at night.) Then the Dodge and other automobile warehouses put ambition into it. It rises to a belt of garages and groceries. At 70th Street it makes as sudden a transformation as any street ever did—except perhaps that social abyss where Tudor City looks over the parapet onto First Avenue. "Here in A. D. 1877," says the tablet in difficult Tudor script, as hen-track as Shakespeare's, "was Paddy Corcoran's Roost." Who was Paddy? They have him in stone with an inverted Irish pipe. One day I walked through Tudor City with W. S. H., a heraldic expert, pursuivant of the various shields, emblems, armorial bearings and stained glaziery of that architect's heyday. Cockle-shells, pelicans, griffons, lymphiads, bars and bends most sinister, nearly made an imbecile of my poor friend. Rouge Dragon himself could never unscramble that débris of the College of Arms. "They intended a boar, but it turned to a talbot," cried W. S. H., examining one fierce escutcheon.

But West End Avenue, when it goes residential at 70th Street, does so in solid fashion, without freak or fantasy. For thirty-five blocks it has probably the most uniform skyline of any avenue in New York. It indulges little in terraces or penthouses; just even bulks of masonry. What other street can show me a run of thirty-five blocks without a shop-window? Few of its apartments have individual names. The Esplanade and the Windermere are two rare exceptions, as also the grand old Apthorp, the Gibraltar of our uptown conservatism. Inside its awful courtyard I have never dared to tread. We leave to the crosstown streets the need to hyperbolize their apartments with pretentious names.

West End is incomparably the most agreeable and convenient of large residential streets, second only to Riverside Drive—whose decline in prestige is mysterious. For that famous old glue-pot stench that used to come drifting across from Jersey has vanished altogether. West End is well churched and doctored. The abandoned hospital at the 72nd Street corner is something of a shock, but the Avenue hurries on uptown, consoling itself with Mr. Schwab's chateau, its proudest achitectural surprise. I wander past Mr. Schwab's railings at night, noting the caretaker's light in the attic and regretting that Charley seems to get so little use of his braw mansion. I like to see the homes of our great barons gay with lights and wassail: I have a thoroughly feudal view of society and believe that we small gentry acquiesce gladly in our restricted orbit provided the nabobs are kicking up a dust at the top of the scale. Sometimes I fear that our rich men have been intimidated by modern doctrines and do not like to be seen at frolic. Nonsense! They owe it to us. When a man builds a French chateau he should live in it like a French seigneur. For the gayety of West End Avenue I desire to see more lights in that castle, and hear the organ shaking the tall panes.

Certainly with so many doctors (their names provide the only sociological data West End Avenue offers to the student) the street must be healthy. In older days many expectant couples used to come in from the country to West End Avenue to patronize its private maternity hospitals. I knew one fortunate pair to whom the avenue always meant just that. Years later they revisited it, merely to hibernate, and the wife looked round the comfortable sitting-room of the apartment. "I feel as if I ought to be having a baby," she said.

Exceptionally discreet and undemonstrative, West End Avenue offers little drama to the eye. It makes no cajolery to the various arts and Bohemianisms: the modest signs of a Harp Teacher and Hungarian Table Board in one of its few remaining rows of old private domiciles come with a pleasant surprise. It is mainly the battle-ground of the great apartment brokers, Slawson & Hobbs *versus* Bing & Bing, or Sharp & Nassoit *versus* Wood Dolson. Occasionally appears the mysterious ensign of the Rebus Corporation. Bing, Bing, as Penrod used to say, and another monthly payment bit the dust.

DOORWAY OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 10 WEST 8TH STREET, NEW YORK. NOEL & MILLER, ARCHITECTS.

SUPT ON PREMISES is the motto of West End Avenue. If your necessity is an apartment with 12 rooms and 3 or 4 baths I think you will have no difficulty in finding one. At certain times of day you will see ladies urging their small dogs for an airing. It is a highway of both leases and leashes.

Behind those regular parallels of stone is plenty of tumultuous life. There are not only doctors and churches but schools also. The avenue is at its prettiest when the children come pouring out of Number 9 at lunch time. In apartment windows you can see the bright eyes of mothers looking down to see that the youngsters are safely on the way. In the afternoons games are chalked on pavements and the youthful bicyclist undulates among pedestrians. Riverside Park and the keen Hudson breeze are only a block away. It is the same breeze and the same river that Edgar Allan Poe knew when he was writing *The Raven* at Broadway and 84th Street. It seems unlikely, and yet perhaps somewhere in those honeycombed cubes of building is a forehead as full of heat and music as his. They cannot spend all their lives with Amos 'n' Andy or Mickey Mouse? When something thrilling comes along good Mr. Levy, the bookseller near Poe's corner, will be quick to welcome it.

It would come from one of the side streets perhaps, rather than from West End Avenue itself. The side streets are more frank with life. There the little notice *Vacancies* is frequent. Not that West End does not have its moments of relaxation. Above 90th Street there are still a few genial old brownstones with curved bays and alluring circular windows in the attics. At 87th a kindergarten pastes on the window-panes facsimile autumn leaves, cut from paper and crayon-colored, to remind its small prisoners what November is really like. At 95th and 96th are the open tennis courts that have been there many years, and against the western end of the settlement called Pomander Walk old ladies come out, when the sun is warm, and sit in chairs on the pavement. High overhead on clear days you will observe seagulls swinging and soaring in the sky.

But in the main West End Avenue must remain an enigma. I have often walked it at night, scanning the rectangles of lighted panes and wondering. Between the dark stream on one side, the bright slices of Broadway on the other, what does it think about? It is too wise to be fashionable, yet it has a certain unostentatious dignity of its own, the more impressive because it has not thought much about it. Those massive portals of glass and iron have doormen with starched neck-cloths and white gloves and braided trousers: I see them off duty sometimes at Bickford's, sitting to a cup of coffee. I know they are human, and perhaps profoundly bored; but speculation, a tender plant, abashes before such splendor. Alas can it be that West End Avenue, like so many other things, has only the meanings we ourselves bring to it? It remains one of my favorite mysteries, and one of the few citadels (in this random city) of the most powerful order in the world: the not easily shakable Medium Class. It has its feet on a Power House.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

At the request of a correspondent, we reprint here remarks made by the Bowling Green on the air at the recent opening of the Whitney Museum:

"The embarrassing formalities of conversation in kilocycles make it difficult to express one's admiration of Mrs. Whitney's achievement. Radio, so offhand and vigorous in dealing with sporting events, is desperately on its good manners in broadcasting about the arts. But this is also really a sporting event. What is more thrillingly uncertain than man's broken struggle to record the agitations and admirations of his mind? Perhaps it is not just coincidence that almost the first thing you see entering this collection is George Bellows's strong painting of Dempsey and Firpo at haymakers together. Here in this brilliantly controversial place the art which is merely correct, genteel, and sterile, gets a tough one in the midsection. This is not just a museum; it is a ring; not a ring-around-a-rosy but the squared circle of combative and contemporary talents. It is a museum without a single museum piece.

"A satirical versifier once wrote as follows concerning his own art of poetry:

Be cruel to poets (he wrote) and don't
    let them think
You like their preposterous patterns in
    ink;
For poets write better when not over-
    fed—
The time to praise poets is after they're
    dead.

"Mrs. Whitney, herself creator of beautiful symbolisms in form, did not feel it necessary to wait until artists are dead. And not less important than this house itself is the fact that through the series of admirable little books published by the Whitney Museum, the pleasures and riches and outreaching encouragement of this place are available to all, and can travel even farther than these uneven wave-lengths of our homage."

The New York Public Library has recently acquired the private library of Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovich, uncle of the late Czar and father of the present Pretender to the throne of all the Russias.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAD meant before this to print in part a letter from Henry S. Haskins of this city, anent my review of *Issa* by Robert Norwood. Concerning this volume I said what I honestly thought. Nevertheless, inasmuch as Mr. Haskins's letter implies that I am either a most careless commentator—he uses the word "critic," but to that title I have never aspired—or a malicious one, and challenges me in his last paragraph to print his communication, here is the larger part of it. This department is one of personal opinion. When a charge of unfairness is brought I have not, and never have had, the slightest objection to printing the statement of another point of view:

A youngster, alight with *Issa*, and shocked by your uncomprehending review, wrote this in a letter:

"I have just read what William Rose Benét has to say of 'Issa' in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for Oct. 10. He is one of the critics I had in mind when I said they would not know what to do with the book because it would not fit their little frames. They just take the shears and lop off what hangs over instead of making a frame big enough to fit, if any frame could fit 'Issa.' A critic should have in addition to length, breadth, and thickness, spiritual awareness. Lacking that, he could never know what 'Issa' really means. But I have no right to criticize the critics. Not many years ago I suspect 'Issa" to me would have been just a shadowy person in a book, one of whom I loved to hear, but could never really know. Now that I do know him, I can only wish the critics might share that knowing, even the little I possess because it is all the difference in the world. . . . It is the kind of book before which one feels very humble, like walking about in another's house and not wanting to disturb anything, or leave heel prints on the rug. The sacredness of personality is all about it."

Doubtless it would require too much daring (and originality) for you to publish this living paragraph side by side with a reprint of the results of your *ploughing* through a book.

The obvious reason that I do not reprint my own words in this connection is lack of space. They continue to express what I thought of the book, and perhaps I may be allowed to remark that "the sacredness of personality" is in all sincere writing, but that my job is to attempt to analyze just how good, bad, or mediocre that writing appears to me to be.

As I opened *Lost Warrior*, by Sydney King Russell (The Mosher Press, Portland, Maine), the very first sonnet struck me as peculiarly apt to this discussion, although it is not one of Mr. Russell's best sonnets, and it does not seem to me, in common fairness to myself, to state my own attitude toward the work of others. I shall quote it merely as bearing upon the discussion and putting the critic in the worst possible light. There are such critics, though I believe them to be few and far between. The opposite indeed is almost true of critics of the day. They are much more ready to overpraise than to underpraise, to ballyhoo than to strictly analyze.

A CERTAIN CRITIC

Deliberate, dark rapture and the cool
Sweet cadences of tenderness elude
One who has gilded art with ridicule
Until he sings no more in any mood
Save of an unbeliever. Now to please
The cynical who find him easy reading
He snickers at the ancient verities
And lightly scoffs to show his perfect breeding.

He fears no sin but to be sentimental;
Dreading to be discovered in an act
Of kindness and reluctant to be gentle,
Condemning what he names misguided tact,
He lives and dies, denouncing foes and brothers,
A law unto himself, but not to others.

A touch of immaturity may easily be discerned in these lines, though it is apparent that here is a neat workman in the sonnet form. Each of the neat sonnets following, in the first part of the book, takes up a different type of individual and skewers him—or her—in fourteen lines. There are The Censor, Paterfamilias (always running after his daughter's girl friends), an inconsistent mother, a "sob sister," a liar, a vocal teacher, a city husband, and so on. The title poem, "Lost Warrior," is among these, and if it does not possess quite the cleverness of a few of these other sonnets, some of which have apparently already appeared in *The New Yorker*, it contains more poetry. "Taxi Driver" betrays a curious lack of humor. The second section of the book, also sonnets, has nothing outstanding. The third section is a series of simple semi-ballads and lyrics in four-line stanzas. They are rather thin and trite in content. Perhaps the best is the shortest and most angry:

SONG WITHOUT RANCOR

I can forgive your tongue's persistent clatter,
Your lack of anything approaching tact,
I can condone your mad, insensate chatter,
The fiction that you choose to blend with fact;

Your tepid wrath and your transparent coolness,
The phrases you rely on to abuse me,
But damned if I can overlook your dullness
Now that you cease to startle or amuse me!

In the last section, "This Mortal Love," the ancient theme imbues other sonnets with more intensity of feeling. Mr. Russell's chief merit is simple directness.

Kathleen Millay's poetry is anything but chiselled. She is primarily an impromptu singer, for many of her shorter poems could easily be set to music and, as it is, seem to go to a tune. There is rhythm in everything she writes, but one sometimes longs for a stricter discipline of the verse as a whole, when a fine line occasionally flashes like a kingfisher across it. Her idea of her own singing seems, however, to be, "I have sown my songs to the wind," and sometimes that very carelessness has a distinct charm. One poem that I think one of the best in this book bears the ironical child-prayer title of "Now I Lay Me" and goes as follows:

Tell me, God, if you were I,
Lying sick upon your bed,
Crying while the night ticks round,
Quivering cold at every sound,
Burning hot and fever bound—
Longing to be dead
Upon your tortured bed!
Wondering why you cannot die,
Beat the night and wonder why!—
God in Heaven, let me die!
Weeping to be dead—

Would you think that God will care
For every ill and every woe,
And bend your stricken knees in prayer?
Or would you scream your bitter "No!"
Beat the night and answer—"No!
He is not anywhere—
He is not so!"

Occasionally I feel that she mixes an Irish manner of speech with straight English not wholly successfully. It strikes one as an adopted mannerism. But she can be fairly cogent in epigram, as in "Q. E. D.,"

Because I love the both of you
And both of you love me—
We all must be unhappy
For one and two are three.

and she can be moving, as in the short free verse address of "Magdalene to Galatea," and in several other poems. She has a poet's sensitivity to the significance of trivial natural things, as in "Shells" among "Seven Songs in a Garden" and in "The Timid Ash Tree." Her book is entitled *The Beggar at the Gate* and is published by Liveright.

The Wrigley Printing Company Limited of Vancouver, B. C., has put out *Brown Earth and Bunch Grass*, by A. M. Stephen, a Canadian poet who has already published seven books of poems and plays and two anthologies. He is easily at his best in free verse, though not frequently original in expression. His comparatively few rhymed verses are on a low level as poetry. But if sentimentality swamps him quite often, once in a while he says a good thing with a certain casual intimacy.

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

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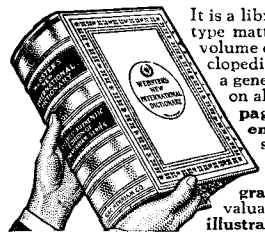

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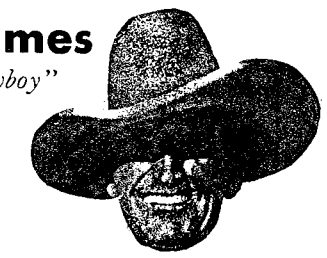

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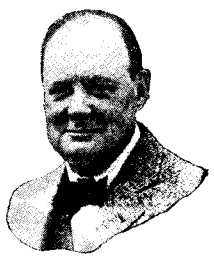

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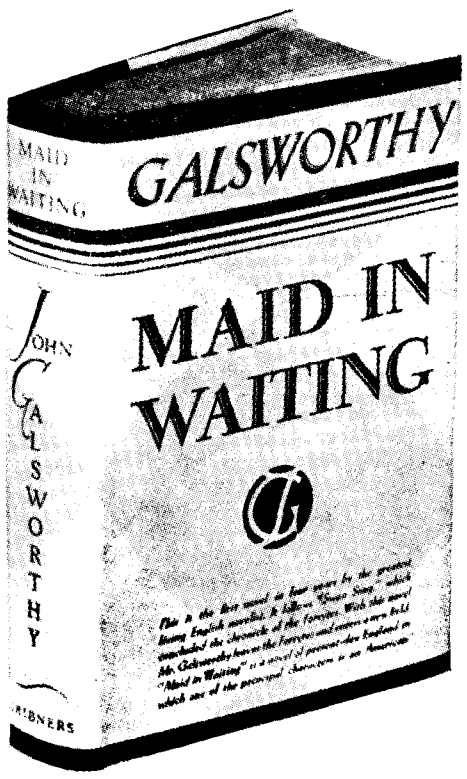

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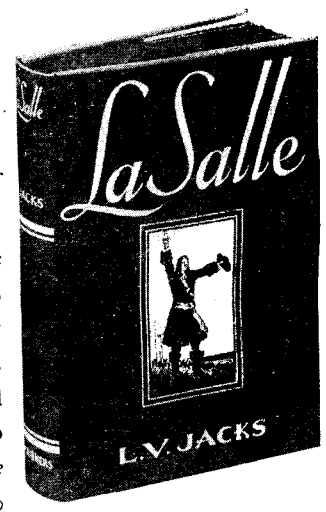

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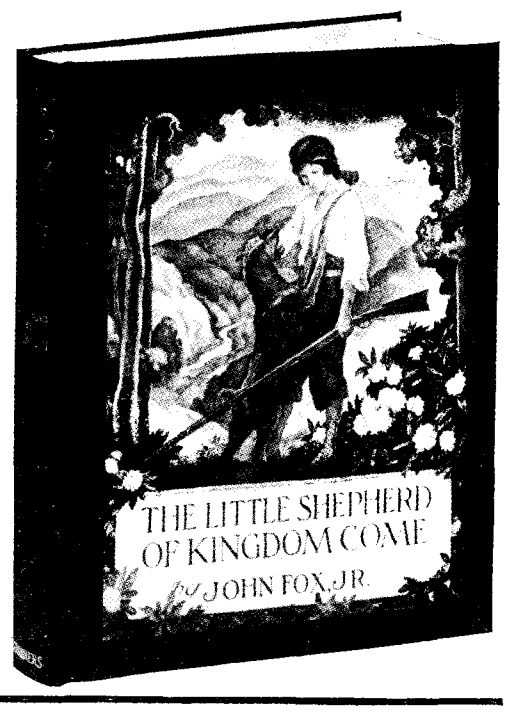

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

LES DIEUX S'EN VONT. . . . In a few articles, terse and telling, M. Bernard Grasset, great publisher and writer, has publicly burnt his own household gods—the modern novel ("I shall break its bones"), the post war spirit in literature ("immature," "unbearably conceited"), and the "late lamented" Goncourt Prize which he dubs "henceforth meaningless."

M. Bernard Grasset is evidently one of those who know instinctively from which quarter the wind is blowing. The devaluation of mere youth as an element of genius, of industrialization and puffism, as a component of literature has been going on for some time. It is accompanied by a severe depreciation of the work done during the last ten or fifteen years by those writers arbitrarily called "the post-war generation."

They have been severely handled by their youngers, the "Less-than-thirty" in several series of articles, opinions, interviews, all recently published. If you want to be up to date you must repudiate all acquaintance with Duhamel, Dorgelès, Giraudoux, Morand, MacOrlan, Delteil, Montherlant, Cendrars, Drieu, Lacretelle, Mauriac, in fact with whoever has made a name since the war. Jettison heavier cargo such as Valéry and Alain or Benda. Even lighter freight, such as Maurois or Pierre Benoît, should also be thrown overboard. They will feel none the worse for it. Their names are already deep cut into the bark of the tree. Let the old bark crack and wither under the coming frost, and be replaced next spring by a fresh coat of living matter. Such is the verdict of the young men who represent the future of art and letters. Having witnessed the triumph and decadence of at least half a dozen movements of the same kind (realism, naturalism, symbolism, impressionism, expressionism, and other dead 'isms) I shall remain undismayed and mildly expectant, until the newcomers affirm their constructive abilities.

One little symptom of deflation in the values and standards of post-war production has already struck me. Some young writers do now spell correctly. A few betray some knowledge of syntax. Some go so far as admitting a distant acquaintance with the rules governing past participles. For the last fifteen years that sort of docility was treasonable. It is now threatening to become fashionable.

Our iconoclasts of 1931 seem to be less severe on their uncles than on their elder brothers. I find in their pronouncements nothing really disparaging about André Gide, Martin du Gard, Schlumberger, whose fame is of pretty long standing. And now, after declaring war upon the novel, Mr. Bernard Grasset has just prefaced and published "Claire," by Jacques Chardonne, which is the nearest approach to a French classic that I have recently met.

The facts of the story are simple enough. The narrator, a middle-aged man (who characteristically remains nameless), returns to France after making a fortune in Borneo, and falls in love with the illegitimate daughter (Claire) of a chance-met fellow planter who died at Singapore. Her first education has made Claire ashamed of her sinful origin; disarmed, disabled, a recluse. She is gradually cured of that obsession by her lover, relapses, becomes his passionately devoted wife, but remains quietly elfish, and dies in childbirth. She is not, however the principal character. If heroism was as a rule open-eyed, I would say that the anonymous narrator is the hero. He is a man of uncanny penetration and original culture, and concentrates a slow, deliberate power of insight upon his fate and Claire's, so that a whole world of life is reflected in their lives. I have passed over two small peripetiæ (reappearance of an English girl he had loved when adolescent; loss of money, compelling temporary return to Borneo). But the book owes nothing to those accidents, except a minimum of dramatic interest. "Claire" is not quite a novel, not entirely a psychomoralist's Journal, but both united in one of those inner stories of "l'individu," neither quite romantic nor even romanesque, which are characteristically French. One-fourth of the book consists of unaggressive maxims interspersed within the narrative, infinitely "nuancées," often original, and, if I am not mistaken, purposely extended to the limits of that slight half priggishness which besets solitary self-analysis. Jacques Chardonne is the pseudonym of one of the associates in an old firm of publishers. I hear that the retiring propensities of his characters tally with a part of his own fate. Be this as it may, "Claire" is one of the most justly admired, though least sensational, books published in 1931.

The post-war spirit was not at variance, whatever one may say, with the scientific spirit of the same period. If you go to the bottom of modern physical science you find the atomic theory and at the bottom of the atomic theory the uncertainty principle. We have lived for years on a literature of incertitude and uncertainty. Even if casuality ruled the world it would only be as Britannia rules the waves from afar. We are unable to circumscribe and apprehend it. For, do as you will, you cannot observe, and still less test, the ways of nature without interfering with them in unpredictable directions. Let us then absolve post-war literature of wrong-headedness.

Uncertainty, incertitude, leading to radical uneasiness, disquiet, instability; flight from reality into aggressive realism; total disintegration of the "self"; utter disappearance of consequency in characters, morbid taste for debilities, anomalies, mental and sexual; negation of all values and standards outside the individual; escape from a warring anarchy into mysticism, exoticism, and infantile attitudes, all these traits of post-war literature in France have been mentioned in my letters. Its redeeming qualities have also been noted: a sort of desperate fortitude, of determination to stand without props; a ravenous curiosity that has enlarged all fields of observation. But the balance stands unfavorable. *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, November 1st, commented copiously upon this deficit, and childishly attributed it to a predominance of sensations, *i.e.* sense perceptions, over reason, sentiment, passion. As if that water-tight partitioning of the mind were not, by now, exploded, and all bulkheads broken through. Even the compensating power of sincerity, courage, and investigating impetus, in "post-war" writers is greatly exaggerated in the same review. ("No generation ever displayed such heroism"!!) Explain it or excuse it, the fact remains that, on the whole, our post-war literature has been rather negative and destructive.

But reconstruction can proceed from the inside and be completed before the "façade" tumbles down. Jean Schlumberger was apparently predestined to diagnose the fragility of domestic and social groups in his time (he published "Sur les Bords du Styx" in 1908 and "L'Inquiète Paternité" in 1910), and to expose the sinuous progress of sundry cracks in the fabric of modern mentamorality. Remember his admirable long short stories, for instance in "Les Yeux de Dix Huit Ans." As if to spite Bernard Grasset, he has just published a memorable novel, compact, cohesive, of such specific gravity that it has already become a recognized influence. "Saint Saturnin" is the story of a family and an estate threatened with ruin and disruption, not by the children, but (this is the point) by the old father, and saved, this is worth noting, by the united effort, almost unconscious, of his two sons and his daughter. They are utterly different and all riddled by domestic problems of their own. Still, they converge. William Colombe reacts in his old age against stability and sanity in the same manner as young "rebels" against bourgeois virtues. His children struggle painfully, respectfully, against the doting wrecker of his own life long work. Although weakened by their own dissimilarities and difficulties, and enfeebled by the spirit of their time, they manage to hold together until the final decline of William Colombe. But we are left with an idea that the only safe elements of reincarnation lie in the next generation, represented by a grandson. The book is solidly built, cleverly distributed, full of technical resources, and splendidly written. *Saint Saturnin* will probably be one of the future historian's landmarks between "post-war" and "reconstruction."

Abel Chevalley, an ex-diplomat and a man-of-letters, has a wide acquaintance among the leading French writers of the day.

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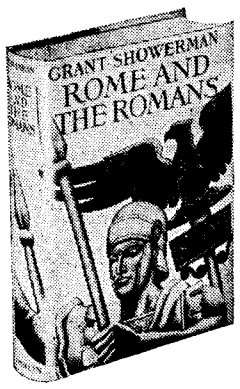

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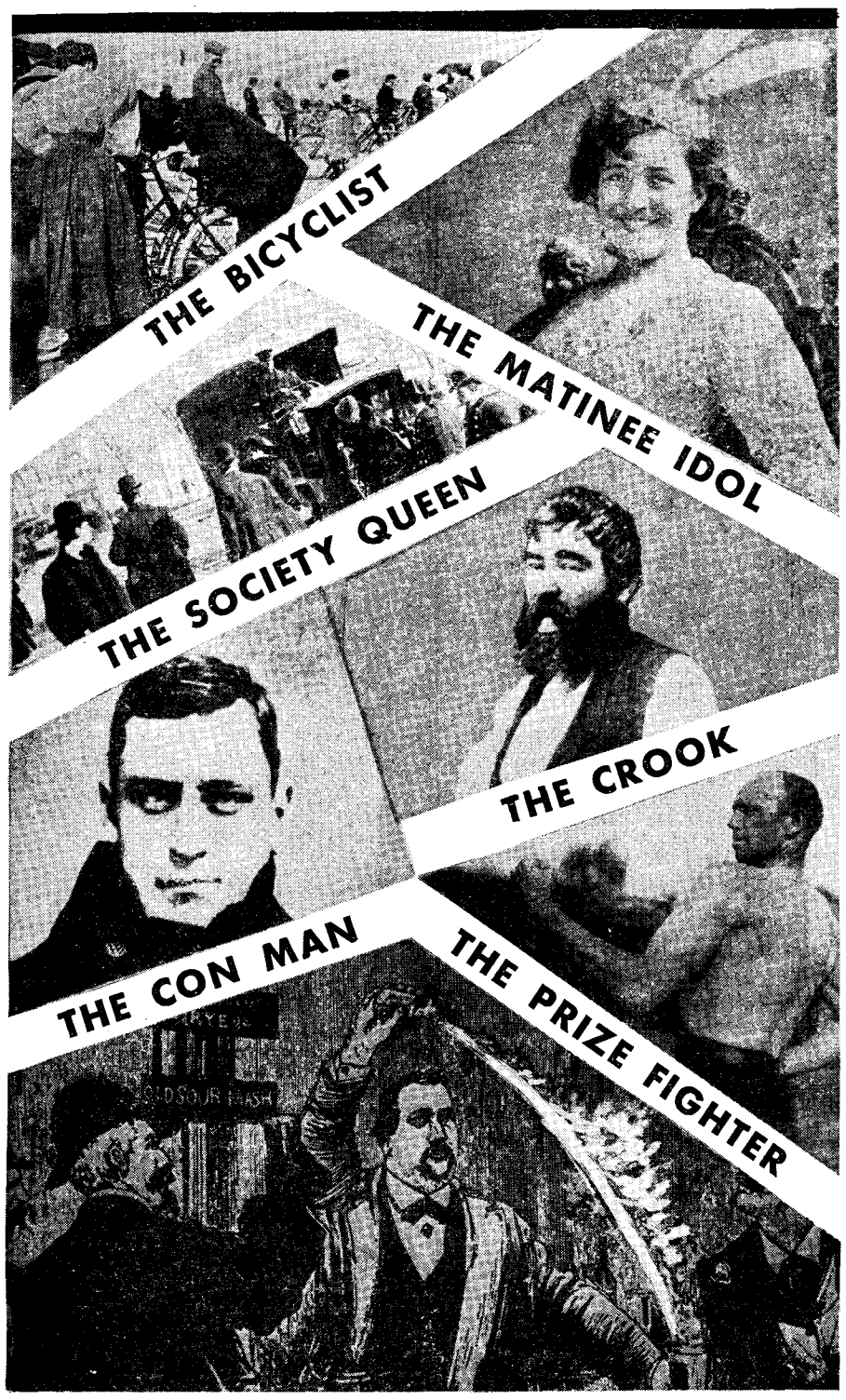

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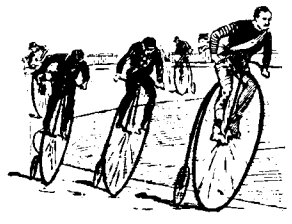

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by Russel Crouse

Points of View

"The Waves"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In America we incline to make much of the condescension of British critics toward our literature. I wonder if our treatment of Mrs. Woolf's latest novel may not be an indication that American reviewers are likely to look and pass by on the other side, where British fiction is concerned.

So far as I have seen them, reviews of "The Waves"* have been little more than casual. There has been talk of style, which one who knows is ready to take for granted with Mrs. Woolf, although here, it seems to me, she has come nearer to fusing prose and poetry into an expression of unapproached beauty than she has in any of her previous writing. There has been talk of experiment, of the absence of plot, of vagaries of punctuation and sentence structure, of a hundred other superficial things which don't very much matter. And there has been enough comment on difficulty to warn off any reader who doesn't happen to agree with St. Thomas Aquinas that beauty—even like truth and goodness—is one of the most difficult things in the world, demanding a strenuous effort, which, in the end, is more than adequately rewarded.

But who has spoken clearly out to pronounce "The Waves" one of the most important novels of our day, as it so certainly is, worth any number of meretricious best-sellers and book club selections; a book which, on its appearance, should have been met with a "hats off" respect from the critics?

In the first place, it is life caught from the angle of one of life's sharpest mysteries—the sense of time passing. Mrs. Woolf has experimented with time passing in "To the Lighthouse" and in "Orlando." In "The Waves" she passes beyond experiment to mature accomplishment; so that I venture the verdict that better than any other novelist she has solved one of the major problems of fiction, and has actually given the reader a full realization of the time element. Secondly, Mrs. Woolf has subtly shown the changes wrought by the movement of time. They are not changes to be easily apprehended, to be realized as one realizes that a friend is today wearing a brown suit where yesterday he wore a blue one. But they are none the less real for our inability to see. We do not see; but we feel the changes which quite defy our efforts to account for them. So Bernard, in the final section of the book, adding up the differences in his personal appearance, must admit, baffled by the problem, that the whole is more than the sum of parts.

Time and change, the impinging of time and experience upon individuals make up the important substance of "The Waves." And the power and significance of the novel is in the effects wrought by time and change, until Louis becomes the practical man of affairs, Susan the matron of domesticity, Jinny the hard-surfaced sophisticate, and so on. . . . And yet the summary is only tentative. Mrs. Woolf is too wise to believe that the subtleties of human personality can be defined in a label, and she makes Louis, Susan, and Jinny more, even to themselves, than the convenience of a ticket can define. Perhaps Bernard best illustrates the point of view. Phrase-making *littérateur*, man of pose, only in the end does he succeed in putting off pose and phrase to face the real self, able triumphantly to declare, "Against you I will fling myself, unvanquished and unyielding, O Death." Then only is it time for the waves, as they do in Mrs. Woolf's final sentence, to break on the shore.

The value of "The Waves" is in its significant presentation, to a generation which has largely forgotten, of what literature, when it has known itself, has always regarded as of first importance; man in the midst of things, man set upon by things, man confused, facing that inner real self of whose existence he feels sure. Whereas the Psalmist turned outward to God and queried, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Mrs. Woolf's characters turn to that inward self and question, "What then is this *I*, and for what does it count?" And so the book, based as it all essentially is on the elemental dualism of reality, becomes the eternal drama of subject and object, of inner and outer, of the eternal and the flux. Being that, and being written out of all of Mrs. Woolf's mastery of her craft, "The Waves" is a novel of first importance; one of the few which have come in our own day with so much as a small chance to survive the vigorous test of time.

EARL DANIELS.

Colgate University.

* See page 346.

"Electra"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Canby's criticism of Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" was so puzzling as to lead me to read him several times to get the kernel of his objections. It would seem to come to a conviction which he feels very strongly of this work's thorough decadence. Such would seem as fair a summing up of his comments as one could make shortly. I should say he errs for two large reasons.

Granted that O'Neill has undertaken to write a tragedy rather definitely to be identified with the classical tradition, what right has a critic to interpret what he says as propagandistic, or personal, or in any way a commentary on anything but the lives of the definite people posited, by the right of the dramatist so to posit? What call is there to refer for purposes of determining validity to anything in American life, past or present, or the author's relation to it, when high tragedy, the most elemental of forms, works with emotions and ideas common to every society and depends for its success on the taut, electric fire with which it arouses and burns out its auditor's sympathy and fright? For tragedy in this vein depends on nothing but inherently human elements in conflict to the death, and I cannot discover, even in Mr. Canby's indictment, that anything non-human and unreal is used. Indeed the moderns perhaps have read the despised researchers into the psychology of the unconscious to such profit that they out-do humanistically the Greeks when they make Fate which had stalked from without, now more subtly and truthfully pursue from within.

Secondly, if I understand the nature of tragedy as it has been most seriously and intensely practised, purer tragedy that really undertakes to shake its auditor to the depths, Mr. Canby is wrong in his objection to any motives or acts at all, seriously employed, that may arouse pity and fear. Even incest, by its very force as the most binding of all tabus, has been recognized by a succession of dramatists from the creator of "Œdipus Rex," through John Ford and Shelley. Who can think of a tragedy without "the warped mind, the unbalanced imagination, and characters sick from their own complexities." This, and much more of the review might have been written of "Hamlet" at its première.

Rather, do not O'Neill's remarkable powers of composition call for actually dramatic criticism: an analysis and judgment of how well he has written the play at hand? Literature of such kind, pretension, and admitted quality deserves better than the cudgel of sociologist.

THEODORE PURINTUN.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Lowell Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I ask for the space in your pages to say that, having undertaken to prepare a volume of hitherto unpublished letters of James Russell Lowell, of which many, addressed to his daughter and others, are already in my hands, I should be grateful, as would also the grandchildren of Lowell, for any additions to this material? Possessors of unprinted letters from him to American or English correspondents may be assured that the opportunity to examine these letters, either in copies or in the original, would be heartily appreciated, and that such originals as may be lent to me will be promptly returned after the copying of passages which may prove adapted to the purpose I have in view. Communications should be sent to me at the address below.

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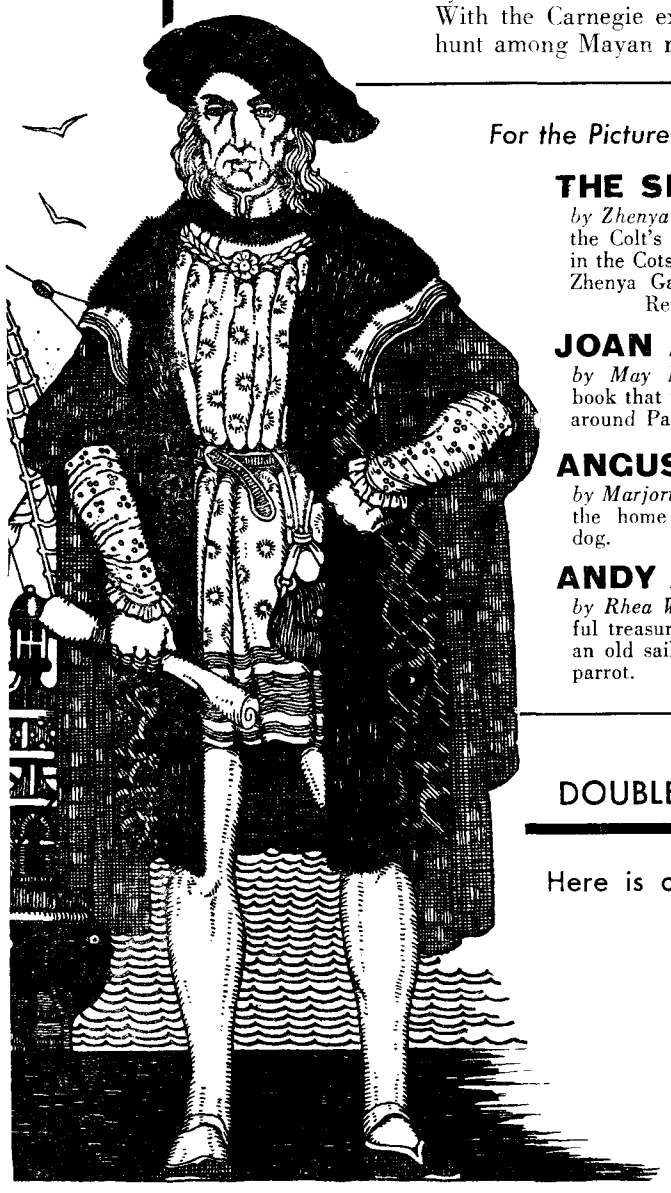

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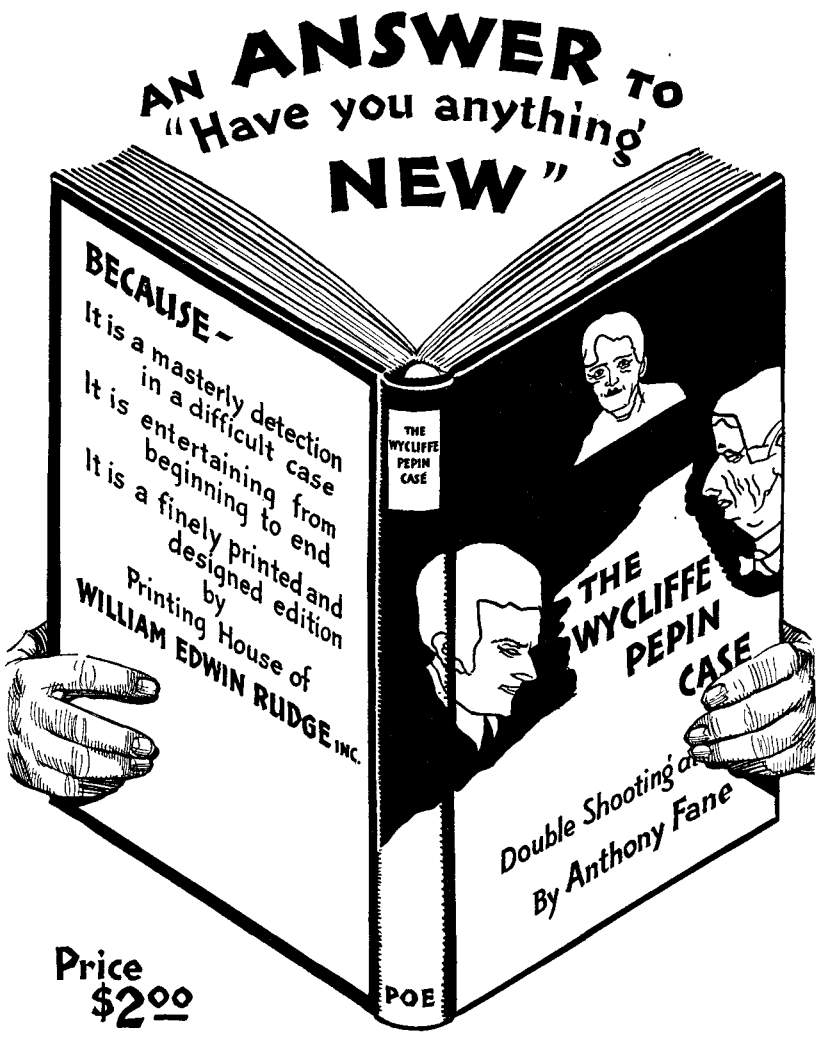
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE DESTROYER. By ERNEST POOLE. Macmillan. 1931. $2.

Mr. Poole is angry; he views with alarm, and his sensibilities are thoroughly offended. The broad outlines of his attack are indicated, on the last page of his novel, in the thoughts of one of his characters: "He was bitter against . . . the bunk and the hypocrisy, the greed for money, boost and boom, the lusts, the graft, the violence, and all the crass stupidities, which make up so large a part of the life of our country nowadays." The novel is fabricated for the sole purpose of elaborating this dissatisfaction, and the destroyer of the title is evidently this spirit of "boost and boom." Young Jack Wyckoff was destroyed, and with him went the happiness and the ideals of his father and mother. Mr. Poole implies that there are many Jack Wyckoff's in the land—sensitive idealists with whom the times are always out of step, and whom the times in the end destroy. Whose is the fault? Mr. Poole has no shadow of doubt.

Many intelligent citizens take much of this indictment against our United States for granted. They assume it to be matter of common belief that our social and economic structures are often silly, crude, or downright wrong. If any statement of grief and anger at things in general is to be effective, it must be organized with vigor and accuracy, to say nothing of skill. In hardly any other kind of novel does the not quite first-rate fail so dismally as in this. Mr. Poole is entirely out of the running; he is vague, petulant, flaccid. His novel has no quality that impels us to take seriously his woe-unto-ye-miserable-sinners. And lacking that force, it becomes merely annoying, the fretfulness of a sick child.

Has the Ernest Poole of "The Harbor" quite vanished? That fine tale, published many years ago, stands clearly in our memory for its vigor and honesty.

TURNABOUT. By THORNE SMITH. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

The reader who intends to grapple with Thorne Smith's new novel must be prepared to toss to one side all consideration of the probabilities as well as all prejudices about the conventions, for this is a light-hearted and irresponsible extravaganza, in which much happens that couldn't and the characters do and say everything they shouldn't.

It is a pity that the publishers have taken occasion to announce "Turnabout" on the wrapper as a book "which Anatole France might have signed," for, of course, Anatole France's distinguishing mark was wit, and there is no wit in "Turnabout." But though it has no wit, it shows flashes of irony, and contains plenty of knock-about, none-too-delicately-seasoned fun, of the type which used to keep the audiences of the old, unreformed music-hall stage in roars of laughter.

The motivation—a sudden mutual change of sex between a man and his wife through the magic powers of an Egyptian statuette—is obviously one which opens the door to any amount of comic indecorum, and it cannot be said that the author has missed very many of her opportunities. The background is a prosperous commuter community near New York. Tim Willows, an advertising man, and his wife, Sally, live in perpetual disagreement and envy of each other's lot. After a particularly riotous gin-party, things come to a climax, and little Mr. Ram, their household god, indignant at their everlasting bickerings, gets to work with his ancient Egyptian spells.

The resulting interchange of personalities, as in Anstey's "Vice Versa," proves deplorably unpleasant for both parties, and especially for Tim, when he discovers that, in his wife's body, he is going to have a baby. From this point on, the humor becomes increasingly obstetrical, and finally culminates in a slapstick scene in a maternity hospital, after which the Willows resume their own bodies.

The author has a keen eye for the ridiculous and the pretentious in our modern social institutions, such as advertising agencies, church suppers, and magistrates' courts, and displays a primitive zest in making them primitively ridiculous.

Parts of the book really are hilariously funny, if the reader does not mind the anatomical and lavatory implications, while the portrait of "Dopey," the ungainly hound, is a delightful dog study. On the whole, it is pretty safe to predict that this is not one of the volumes which Mr. Sumner will list among the "Hundred Best Books."

SPECIAL HUNGER. By GEORGE O'NEIL. Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

This is a novelized life of John Keats. The novelized biography is a hybrid form which must always stand on its defence: if its author has avoided the pains, and lost the guarantee of authenticity, of the true biography, he can justify himself only by producing a good novel. Mr. O'Neil has not done this. It is a pity, but it was almost unavoidable, from the nature of his subject. There are figures whose lives are so eventful, or so psychologically interesting (like Shelley), or even so mysterious, that they lend themselves to a free treatment and have in them a good story; but Keats's life was marked by little except cramped circumstances and one unhappy and one-sided love affair, and the unfolding of his mind appears to have been, for a poet, unusually straightforward. He does not seem promising material for a novel, as distinct from a biography.

At all events, Mr. O'Neil has not succeeded in getting a novel out of him. The successive incidents of his life are there, the publication of this book and that, meetings with various people, extracts from the quarterly reviews, but nothing of the essential Keats, nothing to show why

(*Continued on page* 357)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

L. *M., Mexico City, Mex., asks for books on mechanics and technique of magazine publishing, editorial work, and editing for magazines.* The letter specified a fairly long list of points on which enlightenment was desired in matters of technique, and they were all attended to by Greer's "Advertising and Its Mechanical Production," a large and truly valuable work published by Crowell. This book is of course meant specially for the practical advertising man, but what it has to say about processes and methods, whether of lay-out or typographical details, or Ben Day, or offset, or any of the matters about which printers and publishers concern themselves, is likely to be a lifesaver to a beginner. "Journalistic Vocations," by C. E. Rogers (Appleton), tells what sort of work is expected of every sort of brain-worker connected with a newspaper or magazine, or employed in sidelines such as publicity. I turned first, of course, to the duties of a literary editor and found them faithfully enumerated; then I looked for those of the associate editor and found that they were to do what the literary editor is supposed to do, so I knew the author had the right professional slant. This is a book for anyone looking to see where he can get a foothold in the profession. "Magazine Article Writing," by Brennecke and Clark (Macmillan), and "Writing for Profit," by Donald Wilhelm (McGraw-Hill), are practical manuals for writers; the latter covers more ground, the former goes more into details; another good book is "Chats on Feature Writing," by H. F. Harrington (Harper). "Problems of Newspaper Publishing," by Buford Brown (Harper), is especially for weekly and daily newspapers outside large cities; it deals with financing, promotion, circulation, and other business problems, and includes enough law to keep an editor on the safe side of trouble such as libel suits. On the historical side two books are especially interesting; F. A. Mumby's "Publishing and Bookselling" (Bowker), a huge history from earliest times to modern English firms and houses, and Frank Presbrey's "History and Development of Advertising" (Doubleday, Doran).

P. *J. M., Notre Dame, Indiana, asks if there has appeared any book in English about German or French Catholic literature, or articles in magazines about this subject.* The Catholic Book Club, to which I applied for information, says that there is not much literature on this subject. In Katharine Bregy's "Poets and Pilgrims" there is one essay, and George Shuster has had three essays on that subject in the *Bookman* during the last year. There is also information to be found in articles which have appeared in various issues of the *Commonweal*, the *Catholic World*, and the two foreign publications, *Studies* and the *Month*. In the first issues of *America* there were articles on French Catholic literature.

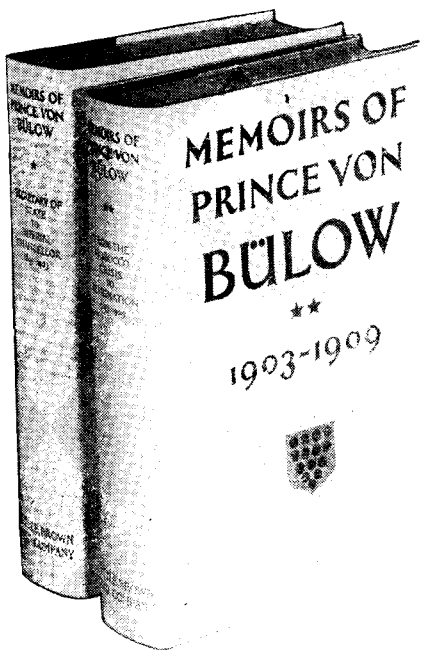
C. *A., Knoxville, Tenn., asks if there is a dictionary and grammar, or combination of the two, to help in the reading of Latin, both classical and medieval. "I am familiar with the modern romance languages, particularly Spanish and French and have studied Latin four years in high school."* Anne S. Pratt of the Yale University Library, to which I referred this call, suggests that the reader secure some such book as Edwin Post's "Latin at Sight" (Ginn) which has footnotes with explanations, and after reading this read the "Loeb Classics" which have the English opposite the Latin, making a very interesting way to read Latin. There is no combined dictionary and grammar: the standard works are the Latin grammars of Bennett, Allen and Greenough, and Gildersleeve; "Harper's Dictionary" edited by Lewis and Short, and Lewis's "Elementary Latin Dictionary." It may be possible to approach the subject by using Collar and Daniell's "First Year Latin" and after a brief survey of this proceed to the classical authors in Loeb. A very elementary book for reading Latin would be H. C. Nutting's "Ad Alpes," a tale of Roman life (Scott Foresman), which has vocabulary and footnotes; it is juvenile but makes an easy approach to more difficult Latin.

Selections in books for the study of medieval Latin would be more interesting, as such books are more from the point of view of the advanced student. The following books are considered interesting: "An Anthology of Medieval Latin," by Stephen Gaselee (Macmillan, London, 1925); this has no vocabulary and neither has Karl P. Harrington's "Medieval Latin" (Allyn and Bacon); C. S. Beeson's "Primer of Medieval Latin" (Scott Foresman) has a vocabulary.

Add to the list of American novel-poems the new one by Eda Lou Walton, recently published by Brewer & Warren, "Jane Matthew." A California correspondent tells me to include in the list of *books to be used in a study course in the English essay* one I had suggested in earlier lists but overlooked this time: "Century Readings in the English Essay," by Louis Wann (Century), which has an introductory essay on "The Development of the Essay in English."

H. *L. H., Indianapolis, Ind., is looking for a lost book about crafts in the Southern Appalachians, recently published, whose title and author are not known to him.* This is clearly "Mountain Homespun," by Frances Louisa Goodrich (Yale University Press), who brought about a revival of mountain handicraft in North Carolina and wrote a book about it that has been enthusiastically brought to my attention by several readers in cities far apart. *M. D. L., Yonkers, N. Y., tells H. T. who wanted to know about the Youth Movement in Germany,* to consult a series of six articles by Ruth Siegel appearing within the month in the *New York Evening Post. D. R., New York,* wishes to find a book listed somewhere between January 1930 and last May, in which words grouped by subject (about 20,000 altogether) showed the Greek roots for each word. I have no record of this, but a persistent conviction that I have seen such a work; I hope someone can identify it. It has long been a pastime of Greek professors—who nowadays have time on their hands—to prove by some such means what would happen to the arts and sciences if Greek roots were suddenly routed out.

E. *E. L., Cleveland, O., an expert, puts the finishing touch to the Dalmatian list.* Here, she says, are the really classic books, beginning with T. G. Jackson's "Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istra" (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1887, 3 vols.) The writer was a distinguished architect and the architectural interest is first in his books, but they are thoroughly pleasing merely as travel. The best single book on Dalmatia is F. Hamilton Jackson's "The Shores of the Adriatic: the Austrian side; the Kustenlande, Istria, and Dalmatia" (Dutton, 1908) which has many illustrations. The best guidebooks are Luigi Villari's "Ragusa," and the "Handbook of Dalmatia" of Hartleben, published in Vienna and Leipzig, with Maude M. Holbach's "Dalmatia" (Lane, London, 1910), accurate and thoroughly pleasing, more popular and less full than the "classics" listed above. Then there is Lester G. Hornby's "Balkan Sketches" (Little, Brown), sketches and descriptions by an artist, more than half of the book devoted to Dalmatia, the rest to Bosnia, especially Sarajevo, where travellers are almost sure to go if they once get to Dubrovnik. *Jugoslavja,* the monthly publication of the Jugoslav Tourist Society "Putnik" (The Pilgrim), is published in Split, Jugoslavia. This journal has a wealth of beautiful illustrations in every number, designed most successfully to enlist the interest of tourists. Each number has a descriptive article in English, several in German, and occasional ones in other languages, and the advertisements form a guide in themselves.



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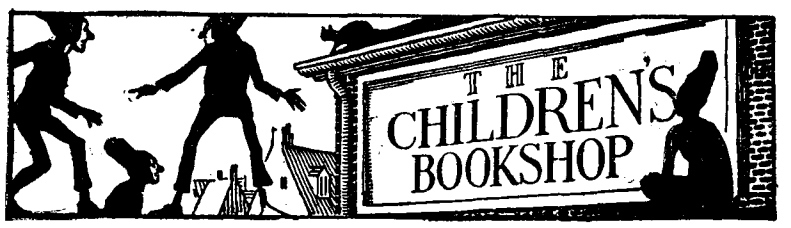

CONDUCTED by KATHERINE ULRICH

In the Air

THE MODEL AIRCRAFT BUILDER. By CHELSEA FRASER. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 1931. $2.50.

THE PRIZE WINNERS' BOOK OF MODEL AIRPLANES. Edited by CARL H. CLAUDY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931. $3.

BERNT BALCHEN: VIKING OF THE AIR. By JOHN LAWRENCE. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $1.75.

BURNING UP THE SKY. By BOB BUCK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $1.75.

ADVENTURES OF THE BOY GLIDERS. By EUSTACE L. ADAMS. The same.

STRAIGHT SHOOTING. By THOMAS BURTIS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by BARRETT STUDLEY, U. S. N.

MR. FRASER'S book is intended for the young person who likes to build models out of the odds and ends of boards and boxes and scraps out in the garage. The author tells you just how to build a mechanical training plane with a stick and controls like the real thing. Or, if you are more ambitious, he gives you the plans of an electrical training plane, in which a tiny plane perched above your cockpit moves in response to the controls just the way your plane would. Then there are scale models in wood of famous planes, and simple models with rubber band motors that will fly. A book for the boy with tools.

"The Prize Winner's Book of Airplanes," gives the descriptions, dimensions, and structural details of more than forty model airplanes which have flown successfully in various contests. It includes diagrams and all directions necessary to construct them. A book for the boy who wants distance and duration from models built to exact specifications.

"Bernt Balchen, Viking of the Air" is the life story of the tough-bodied, clear-headed young Norwegian who flew to fame with Byrd. As a boy, he dug holes in the snow and slept in them to harden himself. In skiing, skating, boxing, hunting, he showed the vigor that later took him flying all over the world. Working on taxicab motors, he learned mechanics. A fortunate appointment made him a Lieutenant in the Naval Air Service, where he won a reputation as a pilot who could take a plane anywhere one could fly. Amundsen, looking for men as a base crew for the Norge in Spitzbergen, chose him to go. And there he met Byrd, who took him to America, across the Atlantic by air, and then to the South Pole. A stirring story of a modern Viking.

"Burning Up the Sky," by Bob Buck is the personal story of the seventeen-year-old boy pilot who, in 1930, captured the junior altitude and transcontinental records. At thirteen he started building models, and then turned to gliders. On his sixteenth birthday he commenced flight instruction. Six weeks later he soloed, and a month later took a private pilot's license. Another two months and he climbed to 15,000 feet for a junior altitude record. Finally, six months after soloing, he started from his home in New Jersey for Los Angeles. With bad weather and engine trouble, it took ten days to cross the continent. But coming back he made a junior transcontinental record of 23 hours flying time. Later he flew to Havana and back, was received by the President, and became the first president of the Sky Scouts of America. He has written his own story here in a direct, modest way which makes good reading.

"The Adventures of the Boy Gliders," by Eustace L. Adams, is a story of two boys and a sailplane. Sixteen year old Toby Trainor can plough through an opposing football team. But when Bob Whittier, thirteen, lets Toby fly his homemade glider, Toby lands in a tree in a mess of wood and fabrics. To make up for it, Toby buys a two place sailplane, and Bob teaches him to fly it. Phil Vance, son of a wealthy banker who holds a mortgage on the factory of Bob's father, likewise buys a glider and hires a professional pilot to teach him to fly. They enter the National Glider Contest, competing against pilots from the whole country. Finally Toby and Bob have beaten everybody except Phil Vance. Caught in a thunderstorm, they are both carried up to a high altitude. Phil tries to ram them. But they evade him and go on to break three records and win prizes that pay off the mortgage. Exciting reading for boys of ten to fourteen.

"Straight Shooting," by Thomas Burtis, is an account of the adventures of a film flier. Dan Sloan, the son of a famous director, has played with his job as a cameraman until Weatherby, director of the super-feature, 'Wings of the Eagle," hauls him over the coals as a loafer and a conceited pup, then gives him one more chance as his assistant. His mettle up, Dan buckles down to work. There is much intrigue and underhand work by a rival company. Weatherby is hurt in an airplane accident and Dan takes charge. Plots, parachute jumps, hair-raising stunts, crashes, follow in exciting succession. But with the help of the Border Patrol, Dan completes the big picture. Some wild and improbable flying, but a good book for a youngster who likes a fast-moving story.

High Adventure

JAVA HO! By JOHAN WIGMORE FABRICIUS. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY W. WALKER

RECENTLY there has been a revival of that ancient quarrel as to whether children's reading should be supervised by adults, or whether the youngsters should be allowed to select their own reading.

"Java Ho!" is one book that will perhaps satisfy both factions. For it is a lively adventure yarn told in a way that will please educators and parents. And there is more action in it than in a dozen ordinary juveniles; and that should please the younger critics.

If there are any parents left who still read aloud to their children, they will have a grand time with this book. And they will no doubt learn a few things themselves about the fauna and flora as well as the geography of the eastern tropics And at the same time the young folk will enjoy the story element, and sending daddy to the encyclopedia now and then.

The publisher's jacket blurb states that "Java Ho!" is based on the log book of a Dutch skipper, Willem Ysbrantszoon Bontekoe, who sailed to the East Indies in 1618. And there is in this book an economy of words and between - the - lines painting of pictures that is reminiscent of Hakluyt. It would seem, possibly, that too much material is offered here, and that there is not enough sharpening up of high spots; also that there is little or no indication of the many dull, monotonous days that occur at sea.

On the whole, the book is an excellent tale of four adventurous boys. Seen through their eyes, a sea voyage includes no work, only frolic and adventure. The Captain was kind and just, and "the sailors smoked, laughed, and spat magnificently."

The first half of the story concerns the life of the boys on board ship, where they are thoroughly introduced to sea life, including such humorous incidents as the search for "the spot where you don't get seasick"; and culminating in the burning of the ship, and taking to the open boats.

In the latter half of the story the boys see life on the beach, and have surprising adventures with monkeys, tigers and natives. The glimpses of tropic scenes and of native customs in this part of the book are especially good. For the author is a native of the Dutch East Indies.

Out West

WISH IN THE DARK. By LENORA W. WEBER. Illustrated by F. STROTHMAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $2.

ALDER GULCH GOLD. By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ. Illustrated by ALBIN HENNING. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $1.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

HERE are two Western books for youth. The New West forms the background of "Wish in the Dark"; the Old West, that of "Alder Gulch Gold." The story first named will appeal to girls; the other story is all for boys.

As with Mrs. Weber's preceding books, "Wish in the Dark" revolves around ranch life in Colorado. With its cast of striking characters bent upon making good or destined to be made good, and its element of mystery, it is again a tale capitally told. Hope Delaney may be called the leading lady. In a rickety car Hope and the twelve-year-old twins, Becky and Baird, come from Iowa to Colorado, consigned, as orphans, to their Aunt Sarah who is assumed to be living in the town of Trail's End. They bring all their worldly possessions, chiefly Compromise the cat, their father's surgical case (for Hope, who had thought to be a doctor), Becky's waffle iron, and boy Baird's big harp. Their dramatic arrival in Trail's End, their rapidly growing list of new acquaintances, with lively ensuing adventures, brim a story that can be recommended to any family endowed with the spirit of the 'teens.

"Alder Gulch Gold" by Mr. Schultz of course does not lack Indians, albeit the theme is the gold diggin's of Alder Gulch, in that Montana of 1863 which then was Idaho Territory. Henry Wilson, aged eighteen, tells the tale, beginning with his trip by steamboat up the Yellowstone River to Fort Benton. At the fort he and his uncle throw in with Beaver Bill, trapper and trader, who had been teaching Henry the sign language on the way up. The three outfit from the Blackfoot camp of Chief Big Lake, Beaver Bill's friend; and here Henry is adopted as brother by Big Lake's son, Eagle Carrier. To have the Blackfeet's favor was a stroke of fortune. In Alder Gulch the Wilson party are plagued by gold-cache thieves, they are present at the conflicts between the Vigilantes and the Plummer gang of desperadoes, they are glad to see Eagle Carrier again; and in the closing clean-up Henry reflects that this mixture of the good and the bad, in those wild days, was "part of the making of a nation." As always, Mr. Schultz gives his readers an honest story of straight narration, drawn from the life and lore that he has known.

A selection of the letters by Maria Edgeworth, whose stories were avidly read by a generation of children, is about to appear. They are being edited by Miss F. V. Barry, and are said to be of great interest. Miss Edgeworth was a letter-writer of much power and vivacity.

A Tuskegee "Varmint"

ZEKE. By MARY WHITE OVINGTON. Illustrated by NATHALIE H. DAVIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. SCOVILLE
The Hampton Institute

ZEKE was the youngest of a family of five colored children way down in Callis County, Alabama, in the "Black Belt."

His father, a drunkard, and his mother, an invalid—both died before he was in his 'teens. But his older brother and sister, Scip and Teora, carried on and with the aid of the farm demonstration agent made their old farm the pride of the community.

Zeke, quiet, shy, the student of the family, became the head of the country school and at Scip's special wish was sent to the great industrial school, "Tolliver Institute."

His two other brothers had gone to the city—

> Dey's runnin' elevators now in Mon'-gomey. I ain't hankerin' to see Zeke goin' up an' down all day in a box. Doctors an' lawyers and preachers dey can get mighty po' cause folks cant pay de bills. Den dat kind drops inter elevators. If Zeke got a good trade, he safe. Tolliver Institute dat's de best school. There he can learn how to raise poultry.

So Zeke went to Tolliver and after his first term worked half the time at his poultry project and the other half at his books—a good training for any boy black or white.

❧ ❧

At first, led astray by the glamor of older, wilder boys, he seriously broke the rules and excaped dismissal only because of his extreme youth. But finally his absorption in his chickens and interest in baseball saved him from further temptation, while his devotion to the Major's daughter, "the kind of girl that walks straight ahead," and his admiration for his roommate, Natu, a native from Nigeria, Africa, who danced so superbly, an older boy of real character, helped to keep him straight.

His reading with dramatic fervor early in the year had given him the nickname "Preacher," but later his skill as pitcher won him his classmates' admiration. And the final baseball game between the Seniors and his class, the Freshmen, which he won by cool work when the regular pitcher had weakened, is quite the climax of the book.

He has learned to "mix." His chicken project has been a success. He has earned a place on the baseball team and in his class. The homely virtues, honesty, steadiness, punctuality, conscientiousness, all tell in the long run, and the year has been a success—the shy country boy has made good.

"No Man's Land," the name of the girls' side of the grounds, is a delicious and characteristic touch of Negro humor and is only one proof of the author's intimate knowledge of Negro school life and character.

It is a good story that could be told of many a colored boy who has found himself in the great Negro industrial schools of the South.

❧ ❧

Lawrenceville has been a famous boys' school for years, scholastically. But Owen Johnson with his "Varmint" and other tales of Lawrenceville boys put it on the map with an entirely different though probably an equally valuable reputation —the glory of boyhood adventure, sport, and athletic attainment.

And so Mary White Ovington has brought to Tuskegee, thinly disguised as "Tolliver," additional fame. Known for years as the great Negro School founded by Booker Taliaferro Washington and renowned as an exponent of industrial training, Tuskegee will now have a niche in the Hall of Fame of boyhood fiction through "Zeke." The establishing of this kind of school tradition with its emphasis on honor and loyalty comes with the mature years of an institution and is an interesting development in the life of the school and the race.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 354)

we should read about this young man rather than any other surgeon's apprentice. M. Maurois's "Ariel," for instance, though open to many objections, did give the impression of an unusual young man with an interesting mind; "Special Hunger," except for copying out extracts from the poems and letters, and telling us that he wrote them, does not. We are not admitted, even by speculation, to the poet's mind except as it appears in the poems, and for that one had far better read the poems without the interpolated text.

The style is a little inclined to affectation, in the way of employing words in the description of backgrounds which by their consciously unusual use draw attention disproportionately to themselves; for instance, "At the far end, under choiring windows, on a wing of shade, the altar lifts a tracery of silver, testing and avowing." It is impossible to give any verdict on the book except that there are better lives of Keats, and better novels also, to spend one's time on.

ZODIAK. By WALTER EIDLITZ. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

Herr Eidlitz has performed a brilliant *tour-de-force*. Carefully selecting his materials, episodes, characters, and ideas—he has sketched the outlines of a modern fable, set down the epic of the future: Soul versus Machine. The book errs only slightly on the side of propaganda, where it might, under less competent hands, have gone far astray.

Gambo is the son of a Greek mother by a Turkish father. At the conclusion of the peace treaty, there is an interchange of population that brings him, together with his family and fellow-peasants, from their Asia-Minor village, to Greece. Here young Gambo, fired by the mystery of the great machine that has borne him to Europe, cuts himself adrift from the others, and begins his pilgrimage to America as car-washer, chauffeur, airplane pilot, secretary to a distributor of war materials, and finally emergency mechanic on the great Soviet plane *Zodiak*, on its globe-girdling propaganda tour.

Throughout the book there is a consistent and imaginative contrast of the old and the new, the Asian earth with its superstitions and religions, and the new world that machinery is creating. The small but precious aspirations of the human body are set in nice contrast with the aspirations of the new race; Gambo is alternately torn between a latent mysticism, a desire for human love and companionship, and a pressing urge to become a figure in the monstrous organization that is soon to rule the world.

More than this fable is set forth in Herr Eidlitz's book. He possesses a deep and sympathetic insight into human emotions, and an ingratiating style. He is at home in the ancient land of Egypt as well as in the most modern power-house or airplane. The reader will be constantly refreshed and stimulated by his viewpoint and his exposition of the age-old problem, now so startlingly reiterated. "Shall we not some day reach a point where the machine becomes all powerful and the man of no consequence?" Henry Ford has asked. Herr Eidlitz's novel is an imaginative and well-nigh definitive reply to that question. The translation by Eric Sutton is excellent.

Religion

STORMERS OF HEAVEN. A Gallery of Thinkers. By SOLOMON B. FREEHOF. Harpers. 1931. $2.

There are many roads to heaven, according to Mr. Freehof. In his all-embracing tolerance, he includes in his gallery of "stormers" a group of "Five Famous Atheists" as well as Five Famous Freethinkers, Five Famous Christians, Five Famous Founders of Judaism, etc., etc. There seems to be a heretical intention on his part to substitute the number five for the sacred seven. But in order to fill out the requisite number of atheists he was driven to include Bertrand Russell, who is an agnostic, and when he came to his group of "Royal Builders of Religion" he stopped, discouraged, with Akhnaton, Asoka, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. And Moses gets in twice, once as a founder of Judaism and again in a group of Famous Religious Geniuses —posing both times as a monotheist, whereas of course he was nothing of the kind. Such distinctions as that between monotheism and henotheism, however, are not to the mind of an author who can include among his freethinkers such disparate figures as Socrates, Spinoza, Voltaire, Huxley, and Bob Ingersoll, and can sum up their achievements by saying that they have "wedded philosophy to theology." Mr. Freehof's vagueness of thought and inaccuracies of fact more than counterbalance whatever value there may be in his genial tolerance.

JOSEPHUS ON JESUS. By *Solomon Zeitlin*. Philadelphia: Dropsie College. $2.

JESUS AND THE GOSPEL OF LOVE. By *Canon Raven*. Holt. $3.

WISE MEN WORSHIP. Edited by *Mabel Hill*. Dutton. $1.

HAS SCIENCE DISCOVERED GOD? Edited by *Edward H. Cotton*. Crowell. $3.50.

RELIGIOUS ESSAYS. By *Rudolf Otto*. Translated by *Brian Lunn*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

WHAT IS THERE LEFT TO BELIEVE? By *Herbert Parrish*. Sears. $2.50.

RELIGION FOLLOWS THE FRONTIER. By *Winfred Ernest Garrison*. Harper. $2.50.

THE MORAL CRISIS IN CHRISTIANITY. By *Justin Wroe Nixon*. Harpers. $2.

THE MEANING OF MYSTICISM. By *Woodbridge Riley*. Richard R. Smith. $1.25 net.

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Translated by Dorothy Thompson

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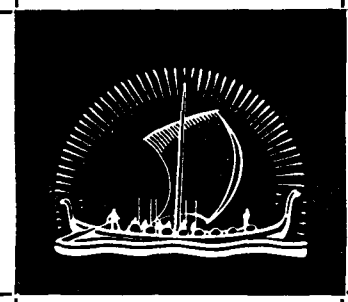

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. . . . he knew all the titans, and feared none: FRANK HARRIS *on his balcony in Nice, June 26, 1931, immediately after the completion of his biography of* BERNARD SHAW *and two months before his own death*

Of whom did THOMAS CARLYLE say: *"I expect more considerable things from this young man than from any other young man I know"?*

To whom did BERNARD SHAW refer when he wrote: *"Some American wants to know if this man is the greatest writer in America. I should be greatly surprised to learn that he had ever struck his superior or even his equal in that section of the world"?*

Whom did H. G. WELLS salute as his "literary godfather"?

Whose contemporary portraits were described by H. L. MENCKEN as *"the most brilliant evocation of personality in any literature"?*

Of whom did OSCAR WILDE write when he said: *"This man has been everywhere and sees everything, but he has never written a dull page."*

For whom did BERNARD SHAW suggest this epitaph: *"Here lies a man of letters, who hated cruelty and injustice and bad art, and never spared them in his own interest. R. I. P."*

It will probably be no shock to the readers of this column to learn that the answer to this series of rhetorical questions is none other than FRANK HARRIS, whose "unauthorized biography, based on first-hand information", of BERNARD SHAW is now at last published, with a postscript and letters by G. B. S. himself. In the highly prejudiced and somewhat passionate judgment of your correspondents, it is one of the most unclassifiable, most authentic, most audacious, most talkable, most inflammatory biographies of modern literature.

Memorabilia and Marginalia: Besides the SHAW biography, the only two remaining *Inner Sanctum* books to be published this year are *Eyes on Russia*, by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, with an introduction by MAURICE HINDUS . . . . and *The Book of Ballyhoo* by GEORGE DELACORTE, JR., NORMAN ANTHONY, and the BROTHERS ZILCH. . . . Copies of both will be available at all [*practically all*] booksellers by the time these words are in print. . . . MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE'S industrial photographs of the Five-Year Plan in action were first published in *Fortune*, and are already classics. . . . Her prose is worthy of her pictures, and her impressions are particularly timely, as she has just returned from her second extensive trip through Russia. . . . As for the *Book of Ballyhoo*, almost two million subscribers can't be wrong. . . . Keep kissable, guard the vital zone, eschew sheep-dip, and reach for a copy (only $1.25) at your own bookseller.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

SINCE we last wrote we have accumulated mixed memories of many faces and phrases from many mingled gatherings; of a "rent" party in the Village to which each guest carried a contribution of several dollars to help the host pay his rent, and where we ran into a man who was one of a few, including *Professor Tinker*, who in his time helped edit the most select and exclusive magazine at Yale; of another party far up town over on the East side, where the entrance fee was five dollars and the drinks were paid for with dollar tickets, and the whole shebang was for the benefit of the unemployed, and the decoration of the backgammon room and several others, by *Donald Malcolm Campbell*, was positively inspired as to caricature, color, and general decorative effect. And that was where *Philip Barry*, the playwright, lent us two dollars to get home! . . .

We cherish the memory of taking a tall young lady to hear and see *Cornelia Otis Skinner* in her simply superb interpretation of the wives of Henry the Eighth—which, if this reaches you in time, you must positively not miss; and this is blended with another memory of attending "Mourning Becomes Electra" with one of our earliest flames, who now lives in Illinois, is the mother of two sons, and plays excellent golf. She also possesses both beauty and an extraordinary hand at mixing Scotch sours. And then there are the murals of *Hendrik Van Loon's* Washington Square apartment done by his own brush, which we descried when he gave a luncheon for *A. A. Milne* at which *Gene Tunney* turned out to be both a graceful and quick-witted responder, on the occasion of all the lunchers signing a drawing of Hendrik's for presentation to Mrs. Gene Tunney and the new Tunney son-and-heir. . . .

Also, we turned out to be the only Eli at a lunch at the Harvard Club, watched the returns of the game up at Cambridge, went into a chill coma when *Mr. Crickard* led off with his famous run-back of the initial kick-off, and raised a silent but heartfelt long cheer within ourself when at last *Mr. Booth's* dropkick drove true to the mark. On this occasion, at lunch, we were called upon to say a few words in the camp of the enemy and, as usual, couldn't think of anything sprightly at all, overcome as we were by the way an eminent publisher had introduced us. We couldn't even think of a pun. We are just no good at rejoinders, that's all. . . .

So *Bob Benchley* now owes us five dollars, but he has gone to Russia or somewhere with the *Douglas Fairbanks* party. . . .

And then, too, we heard *Marguerite Valdi* sing at the Town Hall, and right at the end, to many bravissimas, she sang an old song, "Twickenham Ferry," which our mother used to sing in our childhood—and she also sang in Italian and German and French—and we think that's perfectly wonderful,—we should like just to be able to know those languages even if we can't sing in them, *or* in English. . . .

We seem to have become light-minded these days, you perceive! The best recent gift we have acquired—from *Arabella*—is a white porcelain colt named *Christopher*, who has the longest legs in the world and looks very much as the Trojan horse must have in its youth, if it ever had a youth. This is now a considerable addition to a large aggregation of fauna of all sizes on the shelf over our desk at home, where we have accumulated everything from small elephants and large rabbits to pigs, kangaroos, and polar bears. . . .

Casanova, booksellers and importers of 2611 North Downer Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in their fall catalogue of first editions, list what sounds to us like a book out of the ordinary. It is called "Sherwood Anderson and Other Famous Creoles," and is purportedly by *William Spratling*. Its four hundred copies are in four issues. It is a book of forty-two caricatures by William Spratling arranged by *William Faulkner*, with a foreword by this eminent young novelist; and we are told that the last drawing in the book shows Faulkner boldly staring at you, fortified by three jugs of corn whiskey beneath his chair, a bottle in his pocket, and a glass in his hand. . . .

Aldous Huxley's new novel will be published by Doubleday, Doran in the Spring, and be called "Brave New World." He has been living in the South of France near Toulon. . . .

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rightly
By dark parentheses that lie between
Subtly significant; for you're so sprightly
And words say only what you think you
mean.

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Overboard with them, that the craft may
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He cried, and added naught to life or
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He was too busy bailing out the boat.

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The Late W. Irving Way

THE history of American printing and publishing in the late years of the last century must include reference to several young and energetic firms, of which Way & Williams of Chicago were among the leaders. The senior partner in that firm, W. Irving Way, died in Long Beach, California, on October 19, 1931. From the Zamarano Club of Los Angeles, of which he was a member, I have received some interesting notes on his career, prepared by Mr. Williams about a year ago. He was born at Trenton, Ontario, on February 24, 1853. His early experiences include farming, railroading, selling books and magazines, and finally publishing. He says of the Chicago days:

"In 1895 I became a publisher myself as senior partner of Way & Williams. Among the things we published was Plato's 'Banquet,' for which Bruce Rogers made the design, as he also did for 'The Compleat Angler,' technically and spiritually the first of the series of our small books, each representing a period and no two alike in design. In this enterprise Way & Williams were in some respects pioneers in this country, and are so recognized in Stanley Morison's 'Modern Fine Printing.'

"Our first move, however, was my trip to England to arrange with William Morris for a small Kelmscott Press edition of Rossetti's 'Hand and Soul,' a very pleasant experience, which gave our firm an auspicious start. On the same trip I met Andrew Lang, with whom I visited at Oxford and arranged for the translation and publication of 'The Miracles of Madame Saint Katherine of Fierbois,' a very beautiful book, printed at the DeVinne Press, with an initial by Selwyn Image. Mr. Lang dedicated to me his 'Letters on Literature.' John Lane, with whom I had a business connection, introduced me to Richard LeGallienne; and to a very charming girl, Olive Constance, who afterward married Lord Alfred Douglas. Mr. Thomas J. Wise invited me to dine at his home and to an Omar Khayyam Club Banquet at Frascati's, where Mr. Lang and I were twice rapped to order for interrupting Bernard Quaritch's oft-told tale of how he and his friend Simpson discovered the grave of Omar.

"From 1884 to 1904 I was a member of the Grolier Club, and took part in forming the Caxton Club and the Duodecimos, of Chicago. Eugene Field charged me with starting more people on the downward path of book collecting than any other of the 'Saints and Sinners.'"

The following notes are added by his Zamarano associates: Mr. Wray wrote the introduction to Mosher's edition of Fitzgerald's "Omar"; there was a long and warm friendship between Mosher and Way. As a publisher Mr. Way was prominent in encouraging production of books excellent in design and decoration; and even in his railroading days he had become a collector of beautiful books. He wrote a charming essay on Migratory Books, as an introduction to one of Ernest Dawson's catalogues, which was republished for Mr. Dawson by Nash of San Francisco. As a resident of Los Angeles since 1904, Mr. Way had many friends among book lovers. An excellent portrait of Mr. Way, by Mr. J. H. Gardner Soper, hangs in the Zamarano clubroom, where until the last months of his life, Mr. Way spent much time, stimulating its frequenters with the love of books and winning their affection for his sweetness and strength of character.

Quothe the Chorobates

THERE were two ridiculous books on the table the other day—Harrison's of Paris stiff little "Death of Madame," to open which was to break its back, and which was insignificant in type and size; and Grabhorn's great swollen folio of "The Red Badge of Courage," too awkward to hold, too tall for a bookshelf. It may be stupid to make octavos, but why be ridiculous?

$$$ It is a sordid motive in buying books—to buy for a rise in value. Of course no red-blooded American buys a house (if there is anyone so old-fashioned as to buy a house and not a "home") with any other thought than the possible increase in cash value, but what shall we say of the distinguished editor who advised the "publishers" of the Yale Plates to issue only a small number of sets in order to make them valuable in the future!

‡‡‡ There is no phantasmagoria equal to the bookseller's counters today. All restraint in the making of book jackets is dispensed with, color is used regardless of the effect, and the riot of design produces a chaos only equalled by the pages in the New York *Times* devoted to travel advertisements.

: : : For those who care: The Typographical Survey of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, has just issued (price 25 cents) the Beaupré map sheet, including L'Île-aux-Coudres, the Côte de Beaupré, and Baie St. Paul. It is an excellently clear map to the scale of two miles to an inch, lithographed in colors—and the color registration is flawless. R.

The Greenland

UNDER SAIL TO GREENLAND. Illustrated with photographs. New York: Marchbanks Press. 1931.

THE cutter *Direction* sailed out of Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, on June 17, 1929, on what proved to be a momentous voyage. Less than a month later the stout little boat had piled up on the rocks of the Greenland coast, with all three hands safe on shore.

The results of this voyage have been narratives by two of the crew: first Rockwell Kent's "N by E," which appeared last year, and now the log kept by Captain Arthur S. Allen, Jr. This is a detailed and dramatic story from the young captain's own record of the trip. The boat was his, and the crew consisted of Allen, Kent, and Lucian Cary, Jr.

The present book is in the nature of a tribute to Captain Allen (who was killed by an automobile a few weeks after his return from Greenland) and to his father, by various printers and designers—T. M. Cleland planned the book, Rudolph Ruzicka made a map, Hal Marchbanks printed it, and the Bayliss Bindery bound it. It is a small quarto, illustrated with many photographic reproductions. As a record of a fine bit of adventure, and a testimony to "the truth in the heart of youth," it makes fine and exciting reading. R.

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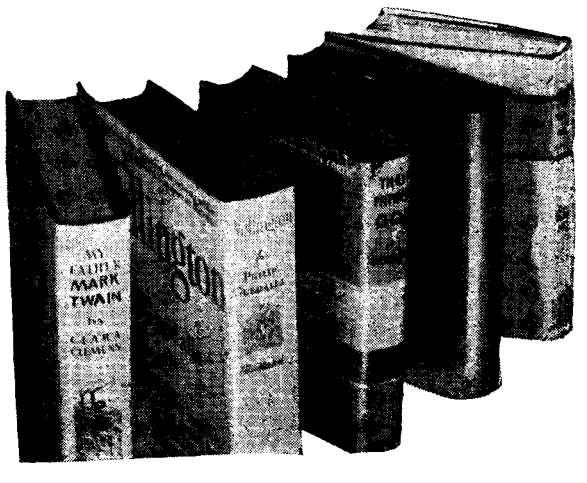

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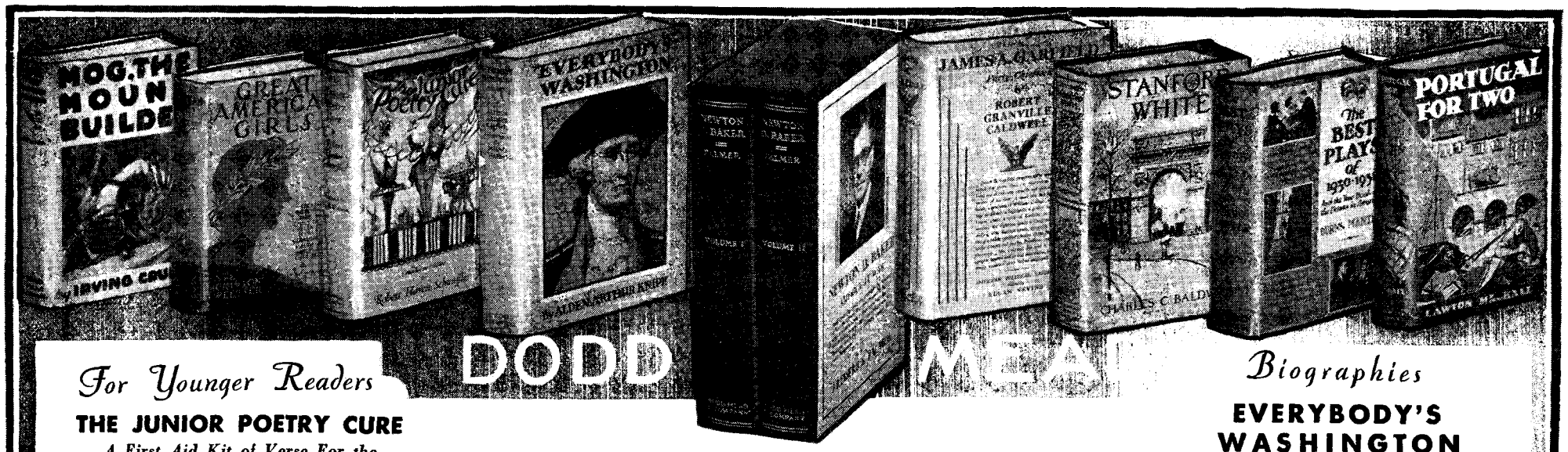

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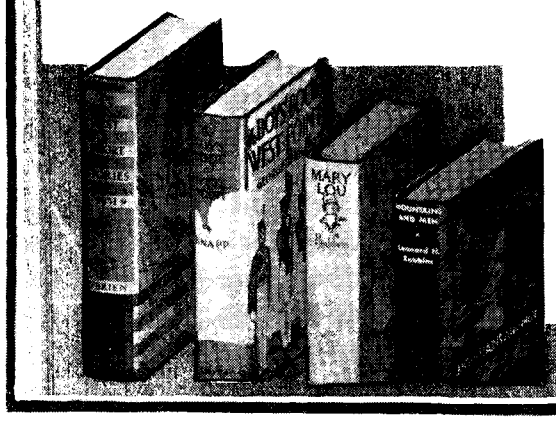

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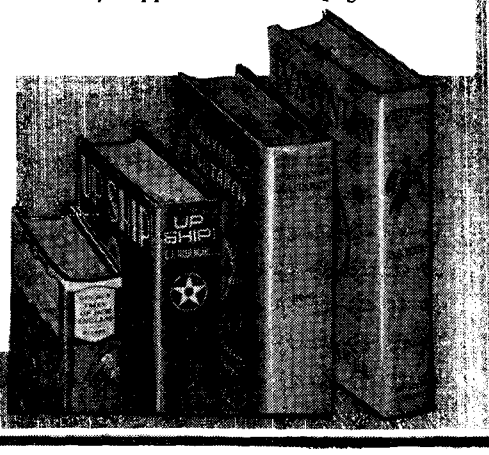

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